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B Y

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Represented under the Similitude of a
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he met with after all his ſearch. Together
With his flight at laſt into another Country
where he is ſtill on his Rambles.

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Guide, from the Cradle to his Death-Bed.*

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the Black Raven, at the Corner of Princes-ſtreet,
near the Royal Exchange, in Cornhill, 1697.

THE CITY

CONSCIENCE

Pilgrims Progress

Candle-light

In search after

HOMESITY and PIETY-DEALING

and a series of illustrations

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THE BOOKSELLER to the READER.

Courteous Reader,

AS the Author of this new and pleasant Dream, was considering with himself what he had Written (in a late Allegory) concerning the Pilgrims Guide from the Cradle to his Death-bed, and of his Triumphant passage from thence to a better World, &c. And how it had been acceptable to thousands in these three Nations of England, Scotland, and Ireland, but more especially to the Famous City of London. It happily came into his mind to Write, as then, of those that were Journeying to an Heavenly Country. So now of all sorts of Wicked Pilgrims of either Sex, that are either posting directly to Hell, or madly dancing and frolicking upon the Brink of Destruction. And here under the similitude of a Certain Pilgrim (Christ'ned DISCOVERY) Progressing by Candle-light, Diogenes like, in search after Honesty and Plain-dealing: All manner of Vice and Roguery is first Painted to the Life, in it's proper Colours, and then brought to light as a Fatal Spectacle to the

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To the Reader.

thinking and gazing part of Man-kind, together with the most Eminent cheats of all Trades and Professions

And therefore now that this Book (bearing my Father Duntons Name) may be as Universally acceptable to all Man-kind, as those four Books have been, Entituled, The House of Weeping, Dying Pastors last Legacy, Heavenly Pastime, and the Sick man's Passing-Bell shall be the Earnest Endeavor and hearty wish of

Your most Humble Servant,

John Duntou.

To

To the Ingenious

DREAMER.

Tis well when others with their Wake-
ing Wit,
Won't see what's Vice, that Dreams
discover it:

Servile applauses to no man I owe,
Tet on your Dream my Verdict Ple bestow,
More Truth nor better Sence, noe Dreamer
spake,
But Sir you Dream as if you were Awake.

Your Cordial Friend,
William True-Love.

Note, that the General Sale of this Au-
thors Works, hath encouraged the Book-
seller to the Transcribing several more
pleasant Treatises, bearing his Fathers
Name, which will speedily go to the Press,
but that which will first see the Light,
will be the *Pilgrims Rambles*, since his
flight from the Author into another Coun-
try.

Farewell.

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ton, at the Black Raven, at the Corner
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miraculous manner of the Production of
our old Grandmother *Eve*, with the sup-
posed manner of *Adams* first Nuptial Ad-
dresses to her, and the pleasant Circum-
stances of their Marriage. (2) You have
an Account of *Eves* first Addresses to
Adam, and her Industry in making a
Garment for her Husband. (3) You
have a pleasant Account of *Adam* and
Eve's Winter Suits, their Lodging and
first Building, with an Account in what
pretty manner they first invented a fire to
warm them. (4) You have abundance of
supposed Dialogues, very full of delight-
ful reading: The first is between *Adam*
and *Eve*, and *Eve* and the *Serpent*: The
second Dialogue is between *Cain* and *Abel*,
Monster *Sin* and *Conscience*: 3. Between
Abraham and *Sarah*, upon her laughing
at the thoughts of her bearing Children
in

in her old age. 4. Between *Jacob* and *Rachel*, upon his being willing to serve fourteen years to obtain her Love. (5) A Dialogue between *Grim Death*, and the flying Minutes. (6) Between *Balaam* and his *Ass*. (7) The Triumphs of Chastity, or a Dialogue between *Joseph* and his *Mistress*, upon her tempting of him to Uncleanneſs. (8) Between *Ruth* and *Naomi*, upon theſe words, *Nothing but Death ſhall part thee and me*. (9) Between *Jonathan* and *David*, including all the ſweets of an intire Friendſhip. (10) A choice Dialogue fancy'd between King *Solomon*, and the Queen of *Sheba*, about the wonderful works of God throughout the whole Creation; to which is added, the Glory and Spondour of King *Solomon's* Court, together with the Queen of *Sheba's* glorious progreſs to it. (11) Between *Adonibezek* and one of the ſixty Kings he tormented under his Table, ſuppoſed to be in the other World. (12) A Dialogue between *Job* and his Wife. (13) A fancy'd Dialogue between rich *Dives*, and poor *Lazarus*. (14) A very affectionate Dialogue between the returning Prodigal and his loving Father, together with choice Meditations upon our Saviours great compaſſion to the Converted Thief upon the Croſs.

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HUE and CRY

After

CONSCIENCE:

O R,

The Pilgrims search after
Honesty and Plain-dealing.

Musing with my self one day, how unprosperous *Vertue* and her attendants were in the World, and how *Vice* Triumphed every where; the thought possessed me with a *Melancholy damp* that sat heavy on my mind; to divert which, I could imagine no better expedient, than to wander in solitary places, and condole the unhappy estate of erring Mortals. When *Travelling* towards the private recesses of nature, I was somewhat refreshed with the fragancy of the Fields and Groves, who breathed sweet Odors, whilst the Winged Choiresters from every Bough and Blooming Shrub, warbled tribute Praises to their Maker, and all the fleecy Flocks that spread the *Flowry Plains*

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expressed their bleating joy, cheered with the Morning Sun, whose thrifty Beams drunk up the Pearly Dew, the consideration of which incited me to contemplate the Harmony and order of the Creation; how from the Worlds Original all Creatures (*Man excepted*) have made good the ends to which they were Created: And that he alone, who is so proud of being *Rational*, should suffer himself to sink beneath the meanest Animal, in dissenting from the will of his Creator.

Whilst these Imaginations run strongly in my mind, a sudden drowsiness sat heavy on my Eyes, and as it were compelled me to repose on a Grassy Bed, enameld with Natures sweets, and far removed from noise and clamour, that still reign in places Populous, where giving way to the soft Charmer, soon I fell a sleep, and sleeping dreamed a Dream. I dreamed, and behold a Man stood by me, whose Eyes seemed brighter than the Morning Star, more piercing than the sight of Eagles, on his Brows sat Gravity and Wisdom, and in his front in mystick Characters understanding deep Ingraven, and as he stood he lifted up his voice, and cryed, The Secrets of the Earth are before me, he that will DISCOVER them shall follow the Light of understanding.

ing. And when he had cryed, I saw in my
 Dream a light spring up, as of a *Burning*
Taper, whose brightness dazzled my Eyes,
 which he taking in his Hand, moved a soft-
 ly pace towards a *Spacious City*, whose
 glittering *Piramides* reflected the Sun
 Beams, and as he moved by a strange
 Sympathy, methought he drew me after
 him, nor was I displeased, as being much
 desirous to see the end, or what the Ap-
 parition (for so I conceived it at first)
 could make out of wonder or unusual my-
 stery. When coming to the Gates, I
 heard a doleful wailing, and looking up
 beheld a Woman cloath'd in raggs, mea-
 ger as Famine, for her Eyes were sunk,
 her withered Breasts hung down, and on
 her faded Cheeks want and necessity im-
 pressed their Seals, and after her cry'd
 many Infants for their dayly food, but
 all in vain, for I perceived she had nought
 to feed them with but Tears, which flow-
 ed in *Rivulets*. She had it seems been
 round the World to ease her misery, but
 found no relief, for every where the Door
 was shut against her, by reason Avarice
 her Mortal Enemy had incensed Mankind
 to cast her off, vowing her destruction,
 for opposing his inroadments in the
 days of old. She passed us, and looking

4 The Pilgrims Progress

after her, as grieved at such a sight, saw
Charity in Hebrew Characters, inwoven
 on her *tattered Garments*, whereat I sighed
 and thus expressed my self.

*Hard fate said I, that she who was admir'd
 In days of old, and decently attir'd,
 Wellcom'd in every place, made the de-
 light,
 And darling of Man-kind thus put to
 flight,
 Shou'd feed on Air, and dwell in shades
 of night.*

I would have proceeded, but was put be-
 sides my intention upon the approach of a
 Female form half naked, who with ex-
 tended Arms endeavoured to grasp the
 Flying Air, she came not on the ground
 as the former, but rood on *empty Clouds*
 which she had long expected the Earth
 would fill with its ascending moisture
 though in vain, for still the vapours flew
 as *scance* flag'd their Wings, or rising high
 were drunk up by the Sun Beams, which
 made her sigh and utter frequent *Lamentations*,
 that intimated she had a long time
 been deceived by *Flattery*, who had given
 her a prospect of many desirable things
 with a promise that she should possess
 them

them, but after all left her upon the borders of the Land of *Doubling*, where she had yet some glimering of light, and imagined she saw things at a distance, which she was hasting towards, as eagerly desiring to possess them. Now in my *Dream* I perceived she had not passed above a furlong, but she entered a dark Region, called, the *Province of Despair*, and there continued wandering in the Air, till she dissolved to nothing, but as she glided along on her Garments, which were made of the Skins of *Cammellions*, her name was written in the Colour of an evening Mist, by which I understood she was *Hope*, and pondering with my self, I imagined I had once been familiar with her, but seeing how she lost her self, in vainly placing her mind on things below, I thus discanted.

*When Hope on Worldly things her mind
does place,*

*She feeds on Air, and only shades does
chace;*

*Yet Flatt'ry leads her on, till she at last
Doubling, her self upon Despair does
cast,*

*Who makes her nothing, or does chain
her fast.*

The Pilgrims Progress

By this time methought we had passed the Gate, and the Prospect represented many stately Buildings, replenished with Inhabitants of all Crafts and Occupations, with every thing desirable for the support of life, and to gratifie the expectations of those that Worldly pomp and pageantry delight, more than solid joys, when me thought I was very desirous to know who it was that like a Load-stone drew me after him, which the Man perceiving by the earnestness of my countenance, pulled out a Scrole, and opening it, I read therein many wonderful things, and conceived them to be true, because they were delivered under the Seal of Wisdom, chief Secretary to Understanding, and upon the Back-side was written in Letters of Gold DISCOVERY, which he told me was his Name, and that Wisdom whose Servant he was, had sent him from the Land of knowledge, to discover the ways of vice and folly, who have of late made many inroads into the Region of virtue and understanding; where assisted by Flattery and Dissimulation, they have alienated divers from ways of Honesty and Plain-dealing, paths now almost unfrequented and over-grown with Moss, which in the days of old were wont to

to be fill'd with *Justling Crouds*, who frequently contended for the way. Being thus far satisfied, I was about to give my opinion concerning his undertaking, and to inform him what little satisfaction such a discovery would give the World, as now it stands, but had not time before in my *Dream*; I beheld an *Image* pale as *Death*, with trembling Steps and fluttering wings, advancing towards us, deeply sighing and complaining of the hard usage it had met with from *Ingratitude*, *Avarice*, and *Ex-tortion*, with divers others, who for the good Offices it attempted to do them, had often put it to torture by scaring it with *hot Irons*, scoffing and laughing it to scorn; nay made an Invasion upon it's *life*, by endeavoring to *smother and stifle* it; which it had a long time born in hopes to prevail by mild perswasions and meekness, against such rash proceeding; but in the end being used worse and worse, and beginning to complain of such out rages to the Maker of the World, whose Steward she is. A Pestilent Fellow called *Atheism*, who has lately *Invaded Sion*, counselled those with whom I lived to turn me out of doors, whose council they gladly Embraced, hardning their hearts to that degree, that they became *stones*, which I perceiving and

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finding I could not live on such Diet, I as willingly consented to leave e'm, and am now going to the *Celestial City*, to give an account of my *Steward-ship*, where I doubt not but I shall find better reception. Now whilst I was wondering who this should be *Discovery* whispers me in the Ear and told me it was *Conscience*; how *Conscience* said I, and with that I cryed out, *O Ingrateful world, and art thou treated so, who oughtest to be the square and ballance of Good men, and regulator of the actions of the just, thou true Essential good! thou Soul of virtue! and thou Ray divine!*

Now in my Dream me thought I was about to Embrace her, but like a shade she flew from my extended Arms, and vanished in a *Mist*; yet in token of her kindness, left a strong impression of her tenderness upon my Soul, which made me break into this Rapture:

*Wilt thou blest Guider of our ways be gone,
Like Heaven's swift flame, no sooner blaze
but done;*

*Return, return, thou Comfort of mankind,
Let some at least so great a blessing find,
Let some have light, though half the
world be blind.*

by Candlelight.

Scarce had I ended, when in my Dream I beheld *two men* coming towards us Laughing as loud as possible, whose unreasonable Mirth, *DISCOVERY* noting, and knowing they trod the paths of Unrighteousness, cryed out, *woe be to you that laugh now, for you shall weep hereafter.* This put me upon the Inquiry, when I was quickly informed they were *Usury* and *Extortion*, who had been the chief Agents in starving out *Charity*, deluding of *Hope*, and banishing of *Conscience*. By this time having a full view of 'em, methought they so much Resembled a *Taleymen* and a *Broker*; that I could fitly compare them to no other, and as it fell out I was not mistaken in my aime, for as they approached, I perceived they fell into the following discourse:

Usury. A few say you was he that first Invented the *Taleys*, and brought 'em acquainted with *Usury* and *Extortion*?

Extortion. Yess, so our Father *Covetousness* informed me, and that he learned it of a *Turk*.

Use. No matter where since by that means money's rais'd from six, to sixty in the hundred, these are prosperous days with us *Brother*, now we may enlarge our thoughts.

Ext. Mine are enlarg'd already, desire

has no wider Room than I afford to court the Glittering Oar. O *Mammon, Mammon!* how much I admire thee, while with bounteous hand thou showrest on me what most delights my Soul.

Use. Yest he is a good Benefactor to us, and we'll prove as true to him, since we have gotten such acquaintance with him; he loves to see to have all our Service and Friendship to himself, for as long as we conversed with Charity, he was shy and Cautious.

Ext. Ay, and kept aloft for fear we should convert what he gave us to any other use than what he intended.

Use. Right, but now you talk of Charity, prethee what's become on her, since we gave her such sharp answers as made her despair of doing any good with us?

Ext. Why I believe she may be dead by this time, she has been very sick and crazy this many years.

Use. I heard a Country fellow say about a Twelvemonth agoe she was gotten amongst the Villagers, who lodged her for a while on a Pease-straw Bed, and fed her on mouldy Cheese and skin Milk, but at that rate they soon grew weary of her, and sent her away with a Pass signed by Justice Curmudgeon.

Ext. A Wood man, now you put me in mind on't, told me he saw her since in

a great Forrest, and that she was Gnawing the Bark of the Trees.

Use. Good lack, well past doubt she's pin-
ed to death by this time; but it's no matter
whether so or not, since she's like to trouble us
no more.

Ext. Ay, ay, you say very right: But
can you think it? The other day Hope
came to my House and told me she hop'd I
would lend her some Money upon her own
Band, that she hop'd for great preferment,
and that she hop'd she should grow Rich
and keep a good House, that she hop'd to
see prosperous and flourishing Times, be-
yond what she had done: That she hop'd
she had many Friends, and many the like
Expressions.

Use. This was a very pritty fancy, I hope
quoth they. Ay, ay, she may hope and yet
be deceived for all that, but let me tell you,
though by the way she was mighty silly to hope
for money of any of our profession, upon those
grounds, we hop'd and hop'd again, but all
would not do till we took other courses. But
prithee what Answer did you make her?

Ext. Why first I ask'd her if she had no-
thing but hopes to live upon, for if you
han't said I, you must take up with the
Chammelions who fed on the Aire,

Use. She told me she hop'd better, and she
hop'd

hop'd I would lend her some money.

Ext. Ay said I, if you have any Land to Mortgage, Plate or Jewels to Pawn or so.

Use. She hop'd, she said, she should have both. Then said I, I hope you'll be gone and trouble me no more, till that day comes for wo Penny no Paternoster, and with that she went sighing out of my Shop; and I believe by this time she finds that her hopes are vain.

Ext. Ay doubtless, but she that troubled us most in the dawn of our undertakings. Was Conscience sawcy? Conscience, who wou'd ever be rebelling against our Inclynations.

Use. Ay indeed, I for my part found her very troublesome, although I had her in a Kerb-Bridle; for when she saw me in a thriving way, by lending money upon Bond and Judgement, and within a day or two, or so, sease upon all my Chapmen had, and clap him into the Bilboes to make him sell or mortgage his Land. She would tell me of grinding the Face of the poor, and begin to check me at a strange rate, for which unseasonable sawcynefs I have knock'd her down twenty times in a day, yet she would still be Rebelling.

Ext. And I think I used her severely enough before I could be rid on her; never

ver were *Bees* smoaked with Brimstone, as I smoaked her with the fuel of Obstinacy, by stopping my Ears to her Clamour, and contradicting her in all her motions.

Use. She was no fit Companion for us, for she would often be talking of Heaven and Hell, and prying Scripture to us, as if we minded that.

Ext. And presenting us with Widdows and Orpheans tears, the crys of the oppressed, and the distress of those we have genteely out witted and gulled of their Estates, with twenty the like trivial matters; but since we are rid of her no more on't.

Now I saw in my Dream that *Discovery* came near and interrupted their discourse, &c.

Discovery. Gentlemen are you of this City----If you are-----

Ext. If we are! Why what if we are, or what if we are not? But to be plain with you Sir, we have Lodgings every where; but our Mansion Houses are in the Land of *Covetousness*, a fruitful place I'll assure you.

Disc. Very fine Sir, But are you acquainted with *Plain-Dealing* and his Brother *Honesty*?

Use. No indeed Sir, they are none of our

our Acquaintance, nor do we desire they should; they were our Neighbours once, but proved so unprofitable and troublesome, that none of our profession cared for living by 'em: So we together with our Brethren of the faculty, got a decree to banish 'em out of all places where we were Concerned; and now I believe it will be a hard matter to find 'em in these parts, for as I take it, they talk'd of Journeying to America, to take up with the Native Indians, when we washed our hands of 'em.

Disc. Pray Gentlemen of what Profession are you, that Plain Dealing and Honesty should be so offensive to you, I'll assure you, I have heard a very good Character of 'em in the days of Old.

Ext. Ay Friend it may be so, but those days are past, and we know better things for all that, than to have any thing to do with 'em, --- a couple of sneaking Fellows as they are; I am sure I am five hundred Pounds the worse for the little Society I had with 'em, and I believe my Brother here is little less, for we are Trades-men if it please you Sir.

Disc. How Trades-men, stand at defiance with Honesty and Plain Dealing?

Ys. Yess truly, and live better by far
since

since we routed 'em, than ever before.

Disc. *But know you not that the way of the Wicked shall not prosper, and that every Work shall be brought into Judgment, whether it be good or evil.*

Ext. Ha ! What does he talk Scripture to us ? --- Stay let us see, --- who can this be ? --- Uds-lid 'tis the Ghost of Conscience in Disguise, with a Candle in her hand. Fly, fly I say, least she again possess us, and trouble us worse than ever.

Now I beheld in my Dream, that they halted to a gloomy coverture *loving darkness, rather than light, because their deeds were evil.* And we passed on to another Path of the City, which by the many Indentures that stuck up in the Windows, I conceited to be *Sheep-Skin Row*, where I beheld a man coming out of a dark place with a Libel in his Mouth, and on it was Written in a mixture of Letters, *Forgery*, being habited like a Scribe, for his Coat was Laced with the defrauded Orphans S'ghs, and Spangled with Widdows Tears ; wherefore I conceived it vain to inquire for *Honesty* or *Plain Dealing* in that place, and would have passed him, but *Discovery* would needs discourse him : Now I perceived when he Addressed himself, the man started to meet a Person at
noon

noon day with a light in his hand, as doubting it might be *Diogenes* in search of an honest man, and would have turned out of the way, but that he imagined *Conscience* lay sculking on the other side in a dark Celler, whose greeting he dreaded more than an *Army with Banners*; and therefore altering his resolves, he came blundering on, when thus I fancy'd I heard 'em Dialogue.

Disc. Well met Sir, pray why in so much haste?

Forgery. Because I am going Sir about business of consequence, delays you know Sir often breeds danger.

Disc. Are you acquainted in these parts?

Forg. Yess verily, I think I am, all these Houses call me Master, I layed their Foundation upon the peoples Ignorance, and made *Spendshrift* and *Prodigality* build the rest upon their own ruine.

Disc. Policy indeed goes a great way, but Sir, can you direct me how I may find one Goodman Honesty in these parts?

Forg. Truly I have heard something of him in my time, pray what should he be, a House-keeper or an Inn-mate, or what Country man is he?

Disco. Directly Sir I can't inform you, but this I have heard, he seldome stays long

in a place, because few delight in his Company, he has a Brother too they call him Plain-Dealing.

Forg. A couple of plain Country fellows I'll warrant you--- Well unless you find either of them at my Neighbour Simplicities at the Sign of the Fools Cap, a little before you, I know not where you'll light on 'em, and so fare you well, for I must hast to make my Neighbour Sickles Will, lest he shou'd be return'd *Mortuus est* before I come; but if he be, it matters not much, I can put his Hand to it, I have put many Dead-mens Hands to Wills before now, and wip'd the Noses of such as gap'd for his Inheritance.

Dis. Where was your Conscience then, was it asleep.

Forg. Alas Sir, I had sent her packing many a day before that, upon her checking me, for counterfeiting Corporation Seals, and Mortgaging their Lands without their knowledge.

Dis. And how came you off in that case? It must certainly be known in the end.

Forg. O never Sir! For I repayed the Money, and took up my Mortgage after I had used it as long as my occasions required. But now I think further Sir I must bid you adieu. Oh Dear! I had almost
for-

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forgot, I should have been at Mr. *Knave-ries* two hours since, to affix a Hand and Seal to a band of 1000 L. by way of imitation.---Your Servant Sir.

Now in my Dream I beheld he hasted towards the Castle of *Deceit*, whereupon we inquired at Mr. *Simplicities* as we were directed; but instead of *Honesty* and *Plain-dealing*, we found *Folly* and *Ignorance*, sitting in two wicker Chairs, in great State, and about them many attendance who waited by turns, but having no business with them, we hasted to *Papers-tree*, a place for many Letters famed through the World, and there we found a grave Person sitting in a Voluminous place, incompassed with the labours of 5000 Mortals, Antient and Modern, here or no where thought I we may be informed, and by the information cease our further search, but my expectation failed, for I found soon after that the Mans Head was wonderful Airey, being made up for the most part of Romance and strange imagination, yet *Discovery* would inquire, though I had before informed him, he would loose his labour. Now at his approach I perceived the Man was not a little affrighted, for being upon *Sanctified ground*, he imagined it might be the Ghost of some deceased

Author whom he had Hackneyd to death; but finding his mistake, and recollecting himself, he pull'd of his Hat, and made a crindging congie, which gave me opportunity to discern *Self-Interest*, in large Characters on his forehead, but *Discovery* not presently perceiving it, fell to asking him many Questions, as thus.

Discovery. Sir does this place call you Master, know you all your Neighbours here about?

Self-Interest. To both I answer in the affirmative, but pray Sir why inquire you?

Disc. 'Tis some thing I want that makes me so inquisitive.

Self-Int. If wares you want of this kind I can furnish you with all Sorts, I have what you please, you see not half my store, will it please you to walk further.

Now I perceived *Discovery* had a mind to enter his Cabinet of Rarities as he term'd it, to make some observations, which willingness he perceiving, he lead us into a dark entery, crouded on either side with Leather and Past-board, where by the light *Discovery* brought, I beheld *Rebellious Principles* peep out at one Corner, *Sedition* at an other, *false Doctrine* stood there Triumphant, and the *Italian Art*

Art of Poisoning barefaced, *Mahomet* was rank'd with the *Prophets*, and old *Hobbs* with the *Evangelists*, *Mugletons* Sermons lurked in private, and the rank Weeds of *Atheism* reached the ceiling, *Debauchery* the baen of youth, took up a shelf for her own conveniency, and *Arian Heresy* was rampant, on the other side were musty *Legends*, beautified with the conveniency of a new Title, promising wonderous things, though not one word in the following pages, and next them stood *Incroachments* upon the proprieties of his Brethren in iniquity, and an *Additional Impression* in Partner-ship, seal'd with the Ignorance of his *Coleague*. And for all this was he taken for a Saint and a Hero, but when as you may perceive the light of *Understanding* came to Scrutenize him, all prov'd otherwise.

Now I dreamed that *Discovery* began to ask him other questions, but especially if he was acquainted with *Honesty* and *Plain-dealing*, or knew the place of their abroad, but he protested he was altogether ignorant of them, only had read that they were many years since Familiar Companions with divers of the *Philosophers*, and some few of the *Hermites*, as for himself, he said he managed his Trade well enough and needed

needed not their assistance, and finding we were not Chapmen for his turn, he whistled for a drudg in Petty-coats, and telling us his Dinner cool'd by this delay, dismissed us with, *your Humble Servant Gentlemen.*

Thus far travelling in vain, me thought I began to be weary, and intreating *Discovery* to stay a while, sat me down on a pair of stairs to rest my self, where I had not been long, but I heard a noise above accompany'd with divers imperfect murmurs, which at first I took for a *Leet*, or Court of *Pyponder*; but hearing at the same time a knocking, and the noise renewed of two pence, three pence, who bids more. I verily believe they were exposing *Honesty* to sale by Inch of Candle, by reason of the lowness of the rate: Desirous to be informed I intreated *Discovery* to accompany me into this place of clamour who consenting, we no sooner came to the top of the ascent, but we beheld a *Deminitive Fellow*, with staring Eyes, Hair tuckt up, and his Mouth drawn from Ear to Ear, standing in a kind of a Tubb or *Quakers Pulpit*, with a Book in his Hand, as if he intended to edifie the People that were grumbling out their Sentiments, when all on a sudden opening as loud as

Mugleton in the height of his damning dayes, and whilst the Auditory stood with their Mouths at half cock, expecting the issue of a long preamble, comes to the Text and cryes, *Here Gentlemen you have the true Art of Phoenix catching, and infallible Receipts for the Philosophers Stone, here are directions how to make Pearls of Dew drops, and how a Man by easily stopping all the Rivers that run into the Ocean, may drain it, and catch Whales dry shod, without the tediousness of a Greenland Voyage. By this an old Woman of fourscore may be directed to restore her self to fifteen; and young Gentlemen who have made over their Estates by conveyance, find means to wrest them out of the Hands of a griske Userer. He that has a generous flame for learning, let him buy this, and he's made for ever. But if any of you have good Money in your Pockets and yet will starve your Brains, you deserve to be posted for Sots and Block-heads to posterity.---* Six pence once, seven pence once, eight pence once, nine pence once, twelve pence once, twelve pence twice, thrice. 'Tis yours Sir.

Now in my Dream I beheld they all crowded about the party that had bought this supposed piece of rarety, and what shou'd it be but *Tom Thunb* in Folio with
Mar-

Marginal Notes, whereat the buyer perceiving his Mountain expectations, had brought forth a Mouse sneak'd away like a Cur that had lost his Tail, here I further observed that when any Book of value through defect of bidding was likely to go under rate, the Supervizor of these fallacies had one at Hand to save it by bidding higher, or inflaming the bidders in emulation to each other, advancing it at it's double value, and if inquiry be made for whom he Purchases, he has a name at his Tongues end, pretending a commission, but all is false, for in the end the Books return'd from whence it came: Now in one corner of the Room, I perceived Deceit lay lurking close, but Folly flew about on Wings of Ignorance, and Self-conceit prompting the eager multitude to purchase Books at a third part dearer than their Neighbours would afford the very same Books; for but that that sets 'em agoing, is the rumour of some eminent mans choice, Library Books, which the Ignorant imagine are no where to be found but there, when in plain English, this Eminent mans Library is the Bookseller himself, and no body else: Wherefore despairing to find Honesty and Plain Dealing

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in this place, we never so much as made inquiry, but en'e trudged down the same way we came up, but scarce had time to take the Aire. When in my *Dream* I beheld a man coming out of a Dirty place, rubbing his Nose with a pair of dark colourd Hands, his Visage was grim, and looking this way and that way, as if he feared some danger, clap'd down a Trap-door after him, and so came towards us, giving us a full but before he was aware, which made him retreat six or seven paces, and there making a full stop, stood peering at us, for having been so long in the dark, or at least by Candle-light, I perceived he was grown mope Eyed: But *Discovery* desirous to unravel him, began to Sift him in this manner:

Discovery. Pray you Sir what make you stand at this distance? Why so Agast, do you take us for Goblins?

Dissention. I know not but you may, or if you are not, I take you to be little better than mad men to burn Candle at this time o'th day.

Disc. Friend it behoves us so to do, for we are upon the search, and have many dark places to discover.

Diff. How! upon the search! Alas then I am undone, for if they find out *privy*

private Gimcracks, I'm ruined for ever :
Nay, I believe they see me come out. What
a dull Rogue was I, that I did not take
better Observations through my peep-
hole, before I ventured to open the Trap.

Disc. *Why are you thus disturbed Friend,
your presence so Offensive?*

Diff. No no, no disturbance at all, no-
thing but a little Qualm came over my
Stomach, 'tis usual.

Disc. *Are you of this World, or that be-
neath us, that you came crawling out of the
Ground like an Insect?*

Diff. Ha ! am I discovered then ! What
shall I do ? But Gentlemen, did you see
me creep out of my Cave ?

Disc. *Yes we think we did, and are desir-
ous to know your profession ?*

Now in my Dream I beheld the man
tremble and shake, looking this way and
that way, as if he considered which way
to run. But Discovery assuring him, that
if he would answer him plainly, to such
Questions as he demanded, no harm should
befall him : he was a little comforted, and
promised to do this.

Disc. *Sir your profession, that's the first
particular.*

Diff. Why Sir, I'm a Terrestrial Incen-
diary, an imbroyler of Friends, a mean

beautifew : I have Engias that cast forth Granadoes , which have set Citys and Towns in a blaze of discention.

Disc. *How ! what's all this you run upon ?*

Diff. Night and day Sir I have often laboured to promote mischief in that dark Celler. I have a Gimcrack that has groand frequent with other mens proper-tys ; as also Sedition, and little less than Treason many a fair Fortnight: O I have done many things for some great men of the *Paper professors*, that have procured 'em a Vension Pasty on a Holy day, or so ; though when they came to the touch Stone, they had the face to disown 'em, and made me *Jack hold their staff*: Many a time have I heard a *HOG* in Armour grunting about my Trap-door, but was not able to turn it up with his Snout: Ay many a fair business have I done for my self, for when I saw my Patrons in partnership for Supernumerarys, unknown to each other I was upon the same lay, and Supernumerated 'em both , and that I think was but one Knaves trick for another.

Disc. *And where was your Conscience all this while ?*

Diff. O Sir that dropt into the Lie pan, as I was straining one day upon a Surfeite
ta-

taken by feeding upon the fruits of *Honesty*, and a Lad that I kept call'd *Intrest*, pist out her Eyes, so that she could never find the way back again.

Disc. *The fruits of Honesty! Why 'tis Honesty himself that we are in search of: can you direct us where we may find him?*

Diff. No truly Sir can't I, nor know I now where to help you to one Apple of the Tree of his planting, nor will it suit with my business to be concerned in such an undertaking.

Disc. *Has Plain-dealing nothing neither to do in your profession?*

Diff. No I think not, for should he once come amongst us, all of our Trade have such an Antipathy against him, that he'd either be knockt o'th head with the Barr, or goarg'd with Ink till he scowr'd his Guts out.

Disc. *Then you're is a kind of a dangerous profession.*

Diff. O Yess, a very dang'rous one; why it has in times of old been formidable to the Nation. O had you heard what Roaring Bulls flew from the press, between forty and forty eight; Ay, and at divers other times you would have trembled.

Disc. *were they so dreadful then?*

Diff. Dreadful! Ay, I'll warrant you

it appeared they were dreadful, for they then shook the Islands: But I can stay no longer, yonder comes one whose sight I must avoid, least he correct and revise me before I am ready for him.

Now in my Dream I beheld the man left us and slunk into a dark Entery, which it seems was a thorowfare, leading to the Land of Blackness, so that we saw him no more: But as *Discovery* conversed with him, I saw the word *Imprinted* pined on his sleeve, from whence I conceited him a *Typographer*, and from that time forward, named him the *Engin of Dissention*. But we had not gone far er'e we came into *Feigning Street*, and this I perceived was chiefly inhabited by *Hypocrisy*, who had a World of votarys, and a train of green approv'd Sinners to wait on her when ever she had a mind to take the Aire, for you must know this is represented as a Female Iniquity, though too frequently incident to either Sex; She's a great enemy to *Faith*, and the only Sister to *Dissimulation*; she was dressed in the Habit of a *Nun*, pretending to the greatest strictness imaginable, her Cheeks were furrow'd with tasting Spittle, which many took for tears, sighs she had ever at command, and every now and then would strain a gentle groane,

groan, and would be still reproving Vice in those that were most vertuous and sincere, talk much of watching, fasting, Prayer and Alms; but all this talk was but in publique to gain Applause or Interest for in private, and with those she durst trust with the Secret, she would reveal it all day, and in Adulterous Arms spend many a night, counting Religion than a Ceremony, a meer shade: She's much in fashion with our modern Strumpets, who having so far mortified themselves that actual sin decays in them, who then, and not till then wou'd seem Religious: But having quite forgot the notions embrace *Hypocrisie*, Who is ever ready to receive 'em with her open Arms, and she serves well enough, if nature ne'r restores their vigor; but if she do, off goes that shadow of a Cloak, and to the Trade they fall again.

Whilst these representations were before me, I perceived in my dream that two in *Female form* approach'd us, talking as they came: Their habit was grave and countenance composed demure, their Eyes fix'd on the ground, their gait steady and even, when within hearing me thought I heard 'em argue thus.

1 *Woman*. How this Stratagem deceives

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the World, and takes the easier sort in the Net of crudulity.

2 Woman. *Right it does so, 'tis the securest Cloak for Vice to stroud it from the Eyes of Men that ever was devis'd.*

1 Wom. I ask it so to the Life, that many verily believe me really honest. O had you seen me the other day what set faces I made, what forced sighs I fetch'd whilst tears which I command at will flow'd down my Cheeks, you would have been concerned to see how the unthinking People pittie'd me, and at the self same time expressed a joy, that they had gained a proselite so truly penitential.

2 Wom. *Know they that you were wont to trot the Streets, and tread the paths of wickedness?*

1 Wom. They did, and so much the more rejoyced that they had drawn me from wickedness.

2 Wom. *And what is it you further intend in this new undertaking?*

1 Wom. Why, to keep 'em still in ignorance, till I have made my day get what I can, and cured the scars received in honour of Venus, who is still my Loadstar, though I seem to steer an o'her course.

2 Wom. *Hypocrisie's a mysterious thing, a thing too dark for mortal Eye to penetrate, if it be wisely managed.*

1 Wom.

1 Wom. It is---Ha--- my Heart mis-gives me we are overheard.---See---see how close yon Lurcher stands.

2 Wom. If so your Interest will be ruined. But see they come up nearer, set a good face on't, and perhaps they'll not believe their Ears..

1 Wom. Ay--ay--I'll warrant ye.---Ha what art thou Man with the burning Taper in thy Hand.

Disc. Why so shy, and why this Garb of Hypocrisie still, think you we are Ignorant who and what you are, and that we overheard not your discourse.

2 Wom. I say thou art Satan yea the great Deceiver who hast broken thy chain, and art come to vex, yea to fret, yea to torment us, therefore avoid, avoid-I say.

Disc. Come pull of this Garb of Hypocrisy and deceive the World no longer.

Upon which I further beheld in my Dream, that they left us in haste, but had not been gone many paces, before they went into a little Brandy-Shop, to refresh themselves with a Cup of the Creature, whereupon we passed on but were not got out of Feigning-street before we met a Man in homely attire, wonderful grave, and of a seeming honest countenance, who without any scruple came up with us, and

demand'd our business in that place? We told him we were in search of *Honesty* and *Plain-dealing*: Why than said he, as for *Plain-dealing* you need not search any further, for I am the very Man. Now I thought to my self our Journey would be at an end, for if we found one, he could easily direct us to the other, and thereupon was about to express the satisfaction I conceived, but *Discovery* wink'd at me to be silent; and thus began to Dialogue with him.

Discovery. Sir if you are the party read this Credential: it contains business of moment, tending to your happiness and future prosperity.

Counterfeit. *Credential me no Credentials Friend, for I am the Man I tell you without reading your Credential.*

Disc. These are to let you know that I am sent to you from *Wisdom* the Queen of Vertues, to import many things to you; know you her Seal Sir?

Count. *It may be I do, or it may be I do not: But what is your business with me now I am found?*

Disc. I must first be satisfied whether I am not mistaken before I can impart any Secret to you.

Count. *Sir if you are so shy I care for none*
of

of your Secrets, yet I tell you I am Plain-dealing.

Disc. Where is your Brother? how faires the Darling of *Virane*?

Count. Sir I have no Brother, I have a Sister indeed.

Disc. How Sir, is not Honesty your Brother?

Count. No Sir, nor none of my Acquaintance neither I'll assure ye.

Disc. Than you are an Impostor Sir, that have assumed a name that ne're will be your due, and if I mistake not, you are Counterfeit, Brother to Dissimulation, false as empty Clouds and wandering Fire.

Count. And what then Sir, may not I be a Plain-dealer for all that?

Disc. No Sir you never can: 'tis such as you who putting on a Garb of seeming Virtue, under that disguise act such villanys, as make the truly virtuous be dispis'd.

Count. Nay Friend, if you are Angry, turn the Buckle of your Girdle behind you, and so farewell.

Now I saw in my Dream he flung away in a great rage, and we kept on our course; but stumbling upon *Sloth* that lay in the middle of the Street, I started, and in-startling awake & beheld it was a Dream; so

lifting up my Eyes and finding my self in
 a spacious Meadow, I was fully convin-
 ced that all that had passed was but a
 Dream. The birth of Imagination Mid-
 wif'd by fancy, proceeding from the ram-
 blings of the Soul, which in its eternal
 Wake makes strange discoveries ; but
 long these thoughts had not travers'd my
 more Capacious understanding, e're sleep
 that Emblem of Death courted my Eye-
 lids afresh, and in his carresses grasped
 them so hard that my Sences melted in the
 Arms of sweet Repose. When I Dream-
 ed and beheld in my Dream that sundry
 Phantasms were tripping round me, repre-
 senting, *Folly, Jealouzie, Self-conceit, Pride,*
Ambition, and a thousand such like Airey
 vanities ; but whilst I was making obser-
 vations on their many antick shapes and
 studded postures, the Curtain was drawn
 before the Queen of *Fairyland*, whose
 Pallace is called the Castle of *Delusion*, a
 strong place, to which many give them-
 selves up voluntary prisoners, where they
 wander from Room to Room, lead con-
 tinually by the Spirit of *Uncertainty*, till
 they fall into the Quagmire of *Dispaire*,
 and there they are lost for ever. But
 this Sceen being over, and it clearing up
 again, I on a suddain found my self in the
 place.

place were before I left of the search, and fancyed it to be the Town of *Vanity* by the many representations that tended to no other effect; scarcely had these thoughts took place, but looking over my shoulder I beheld my old Companion *Discovery*, and was not a little glad I had so luckily stumbled on him; yet had not time to vaile my Bonnet and pay my Respects, e're clapping me on the Cheeks, he whispered in a soft tone, *Why have you thus unkindly absented your self in the Dawn of my Progress, seeing there are many wonders in the Mist of Deceit (A gloomy Region) that are yet to be discovered by the light of Understanding.* I blushed at this methought, and would have replied, but was hindered by the unexpected approach of a Fellow laden with Mutton-Taffata, and Calves-Skin; at first I supposed him a Knight Arrant with Shield in his Hand, but afterwards found him a Past-board bearer; his Pockets rattled with Gimcracks of divers devices, and at his Arse hung dangling a Glew-pot, and a Pipkin of mouldy Past, many Cording quires with much Thread; and on the Skirt of his Doublet stuck a hafterd Bodkin, with long Eyed Needles. Now in my Dream I wondered who this should be, once I thought

thought it might be *Time*, but perceiving neither Hour-Glass nor Seith, I took him to be an Actor in some Farce, who thus had dressed himself in Redicule to move a Laughter; but had not guest, long before *Discovery* obliged him to make a full stop, though e're he could be steady, he started like a Huffing Hector at the Salute of a Serjeant. Yet recollecting himself, cryed Sir your Business with me; whereupon I perceived they began to Dialogue as followeth.

Discovery. *My business is to find out Honesty and Plain-dealing: Can you direct me to their house Friend?*

Book-b. Their house Sir, why do you imagine then that they are House-keepers: No no, never conceit it, for I remember twenty Years agoe they were but Lodgers in our Row, and then could scarcely pay their Chamber rent; their gettings were so small; and would you have 'em House-keepers in these dayes, when no body will give 'em Porridge for their Labour.

Disc. *That's hard, But Time informed me, he once knew 'em in a flourishing condition and high esteem.*

Book-b. Ay he might perhaps in the first Age of the World, but those days
are

are past, and now they are held in such contempt, that I who am but a *Book-binder*, scorn to keep 'em Company.

Disc. Then it seems friend, that you can give me no directions.

Book-b. No verily not I, they were hankering about my door a while ago, but my Wife lead me such a weary life, till I had sham'd 'em off, with sham Turkey, Sheep-skin for Calf, Scabards instead of Past-board, Glew without sowing, and the like, you would not think it. As for *Knavery*, if you have any business with him, he's a very thriving Gentleman that lives hard by, and one that I have got many a fair pound by.

Disc. I know friend as well as you how to find the man you mention, but our business is not with him, and so good by to you.

Now in my Dream I beheld we passed this insipid thing, but had scarce turned the Corner, before a brisk Fellow bolted out of a dark Alley, was upon us ere we was aware on him, and was hung round with Quires of White and Brown, and so covered with Parchment, you would have took him to been in Armour; round his Neck hung Wax and Wafers, and on his Crown Quills bristled up in Bundles, and in his Hands were Folds, Indentures,

Re-

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Releases, Tickets, Warrants, and a world of such like businesses; whilst his Pockets strutted with Sand and Ink-Bottles. This thought I must be a Scribe, and we had past inquiriey there before to little purpose, wherefore I was for jogging on; but *Discovery* catching me by the little Finger, pull'd me back, and thus made his address.

Disc. Sir. there are a pair of honest Fellows we would fain find out, but hitherto have been successless in our search.

Stationer. And may be so till this time Fortnight for ought I know; but pray who are they?

Disc. Honesty and Plain-dealing, there's an Estate fallen to 'em, and I am sent to give 'em notice, that they may return and take possession.

Stat. An Estate! No no, I can't believe it, unless it be in t'other World, for Miracles are ceased in this: But howsoever be it as it will, I can't direct you, *Stationers* have no business for 'em.

Disc. Have you not heard of him of late?

Stat. Heard of them, yess, but 'tis a pretty while a gone. I remember when I first set up, *Plain-dealing* came sneaking to my Shop in a Thread-bare Coat, and was for roosting amongst my stacks; but, taking

taking him for a Spye, I bundled him up and sent him to the Papermill, where they held his Nose so hard to the Grin-stone, that they quickly obliged him to pack up his Awls and be gone.

Disc. Have you not heard of his Brother the other party I mentioned, if we could find one he would direct us to the other.

Stat. When I lived with my Master, I remember I heard him talk much of him, but do not remember he ever gave him a visit, though it seems he had been there formerly, as one more bold than welcom, which I gathered from his discourse, for he often railed against him, and called him Names for the pretended injury he had done him.

Disc. That was unkind, for I am certain he is so just, that he would not offer the least injury to any body.

Stat. I know not all the particulars, but certain I am that thus he would rate him, though absent. A Rascal, a Villain, says he, for hindring me from gelding the Quires, and pretending they shrunk in wetting if they happened to be missed, a thousand Sheets cleverly gained in a Morning will buy a Man a good Breakfast, when those that take his advice shall be obli-

obliged to keep Lent all the year. Nay, when I over reach'd as my manner is, and made false Numbers do with a little protestation, this sawcy Jack would be whispring the lye in my Ear, for which impertinency I have often snap'd him, says he, as if I would a bit his Head off, and cryed, what then you Slave, can a Trades-man live without the Faculty.

Disc. This was very lately sure for he was not used to be so served in the days of our Forefathers.

Stat. Not so late Sir as you think, for it could not be less than forty years agoe, since I heard him tell this story: Nay further told me he was the very Eves dropper to Fortune, and would as times go now make a hole in a Mans stock as insensibly as the dripping rain eats into the bowels of a Flint, and bid me have a care of him.

Disc. And you took the Hint I perceive.

Stat. Ay I'll warrant you, and so has many younger than my self. Alas Sir! I have a Family to maintain out of hard Wax and other Tackling, and therefore let People talk what they will, I know what I could write with a Pint of Ink, but won't give my self the trouble, and so fare ye well.

Now I perceived he had not gone far before he slunk into his *Officina* like a Snail into a Shell, and we past on to another quarter: And looking in at the Mouth of an entery, beheld a Firey-faced fellow surrounded with Glass-Bottles, and this put me in mind it might be him, who (as the old Wives tale has it) girt-ing himself round with Dew Bottles, was drawn up by the Sun into the World in the Moon, but found my self within a while after mistaken, for he proved to be a Son of *Bacchus*, and was too much delighted with his own Terce, then to make such a perilous expedition, for a Cup of Nectar, which notwithstanding the Man in the Moon Drinks Claret, for ought he knew might prove a Cup of small Beer, when he came to tast it, yet *Discovery* would enter this place, upon no other account than the *German* Proverb, viz. *In Vino veritas*, here says he, or no where we may stumble upon directions, but no sooner were we entered, but our Ears were saluted with the noise of: wellcom, wellcom Sir. Boy, boy, show up Stairs, and the confused tinckling of a Bell, with the ratling of Quart Pots. I would have been gone, as imagining our inquiry here would be Fruitless, but *Discovery* over-

per-

perswaded me, and I stayed.

Now in my Dream I beheld we were shewed into a large Room, hung round with divers fancies, wherein the Painter had been very exact in hitting the humour, for here sat one a spewing, there another bleeding with his Pate broke, this had his Face batterd with a Quart Pot, another his Eye struck out with a Tobacco Pipe, another lay decently run through the Lungs, on this side two at Logger-heads, on that Bottles and Pots flying like Hail-stones, here one tearing the Cards, there another damming the Dice, and shaking his empty Purse, was ready to tear his own Flesh for madness: The Ceiling blushed with Volleys of Oaths of a Crimson dye, that spangled it like Primroses, and on the Floor lay scattred like sedg in Meadow Ditch, bundles of horrid imprecations. These things confirmed my first opinion and put me out of all hopes of intelligence in this place, but these thoughts had scarce taken Air, when up comes *Firefacies* and *Discovery*, as loath to loose any time, thus entered into Dialogue.

Discovery. Sir have you not a down right Man in your House called Honesty.

Firefacies. Not as I know off Sir---but stay

ay I have a great many Guest in my House, I'll bid the Boy inquire, though I do not remember any such Person has been here since I became *Major Demo---* No Gentlemen he is not here the Boy tells me he has asked in every Room, and no Body knows him.

Disc. *That's much, pray what Company frequents your House that they are strangers to him.*

Firef. O very good Company, as my Neighbour *Luxury*, my young Master *Spendthrift*, *Tom Gamster*, and now and then old Mr. *Usury* on the backside yonder; especially when he has got a young Heir in his clutches, that will not sell nor Mortgage without the elevation of *Bacchus*.—As for this *Honesty* if I mistake not I have heard something on him, but they say he cannot abide to be seen in a Tavern, and besides not a Man that comes to my House, if the Characters I have heard (for excuse me Gentlemen I know him not) be true, but would avoid his Company.

Discovery. *Is Plain-dealing none of your Guest neither?*

Firefacies. How Sir, *Plain-dealing!*—no I think not; why he's a stoick Philosopher, and deserves to be confined to a Cave

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Cave in some large Wilderness, as matters are carried in this Age.

Disc. Are you acquainted with him, is he your Neighbour?

Firef. No Sir, neither though I heard Mr. Self-Ends say, he once lived in Poverty Street: Yet I believe the Catchpoles have been so busie about beating up his Quarters, that he either lies concealed in some odd Nook, or else is removed to Ferico, till his Beard is grown, that he him return in disguise. I must confess I had once some small Acquaintance with him, which he relying on, would not suffer me to mix Water with my Wine, use Stum or Lime-Juice, no nor to dash my White-wine with Sider, he would be finding fault with under filling, & little Bottles, double Scoreing, and putting Ale into my Burnt Claret; when at any time I furnished a Christning or a Funeral, which made me shake my Ears when casting up my Accounts at the Years end. I sat down by the Labour in vain, nor could I tell what to do till Mr. Knavery came one Morning with his Brother Deceit, and counceiled me to forbid him my House, or I should never be worth a Groat.

Disc. And you took his advice Ple was-
rane you.

Firef

Firef. Ay marry did I, and since I have crept up amain ; but what is't you drink Gentlemen, I hope you don't come to trouble my House for nothing ?

Disc. *We are Plain-dealings friends, our business is with him if he had been here, but seeing he is not, we must be going.*

Firef. Are you so, *Plain-dealings* friends say you : Then you are no Company for me. Welcome, welcome Gentlemen : *Boy* shew the way out here.

Now as we were going out, methought I heard him say,

Fare well Plain-dealings friends, I'm glad yo'r gone,

If he had follow'd you, I'de been undone :

If he in fashion comes, farewell our Trade,

By Knav'ry 'tis we only can be made.

By this time I perceived in my Dream we were got into the street, but had not leisure to consider of what had passed, e're we met with a Matron decently set out, and as Grave as *Penelope* ; this thought I is a lucky hit, here past doubt we may be informed, and *Discovery* at the first blush was of the same mind ; wherefore he proceeded to put the Question to her, when turning up her Head, and staring him

him wishfully in the Face. She demanded what time of the Moon it was, which odd kind of Question made him smile, as likewise desirous to know the reason of such a demand. Why said she, I supposed you are a little crack-braind, which once a Moon puts you upon extravagancies, or else you would never have undertaken such a business. *Honesty and Plain-dealing* saith she--No Friend I know them not, and so goodby to ye.

She scarce had left us, when being very inquisitive to know who she was, *Discovery* informed me she was a Dealer in humane Flesh, and that for the better colouring the matter, she stiled her self a *Midwife*, but her real business was to betray the honour of silly Wenches to the lust of Bully Ruffians, to supply the City Dames with what they wanted at-home, to furnish business for Love, intreagues to trappan young Heirs into a Wedlock noose with her over ridden *Bona Roba's*, and to put off the effects of the Ladies great Bellies, who have been tasting the forbidden Fruit before Hand, or dispence with the Masters familiarity with his Chamber-Maid. Nay, said I then, 'tis no wonder she gave you such an answer.

Now in my Dream I beheld that by
this

At this time we were come into a little crooked place, and looking about, I beheld a man incompassed with Pots and Glasses pouring upon an old Legend. Thought to my self this must needs be one of the sons of *Hipocrates*, and therefore should be wise: But whilst I was thus pondering with my self, the Question was asked by my Companion; and the discourse began in the following Dialect.

Medicine. Sir for what reason do you ask for Honesty and Plain-dealing, but let be what it will, I can assure you, you are come to the wrong place, for they dwell not in our Street, though I have cause to remember them, for about 20 years since, I lay by the heels almost a whole Winter, for harbouring them in my House, though indeed it was my wives doings, for I was ever averse to it.

Disc. Then you had Sir some acquaintance with them formerly.

Med. Ay Sir, fore against my will, my wife as I told you before would needs persuade me to it, and I could not say her nay, but as soon as she poor Soul march'd off, I soon got shut on 'em, she indeed would make me be giving Medicines to the poor, regulate a Bill from the conscionable gain of eleven pence in the shilling, to three pence or thereabouts.

Disc.

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Disc. And was not that well done... I hope you take the same measures still.

Med. No Sir I know better things I'd have you to know; pish! Sir I'd have you to understand Sir, I'm now my own man, and those sneaking fellows shall never have any thing to do in my house. Album Greeckum shall be Album Greeckum now I'll warrant ye; every Dunghill shall afford me matter of support.

Disc. You promise advice for nothing still Sir.

Med. Ay to blind the simple: No no, my learning that little I have cost me some money, and a world of labour; and I think it is but reason I should inch it out to the best advantage, that promise is only to decoy 'em.

Disc. Yet you'll perform your promise: suppose a miserable Wretch lies in distress, perhaps his life in danger, and each Ditch side affords the Remedy you knowing, would you not let him know it too?

Med. How Sir, what to spoil the faculty; no, no, by no means: and to be plain Sir, Poor as they were, I've screwed out many a pound, for Herbs I gathered in the Garden of my Patient: Now had they known the remedy, all that had gone beside my Pocket, nay some times I have (especially where I found the

guile

guilt come flush) made 'em sick and well as I have found occasion, keeping 'em on the Rack for my advantage, by perpetual Physick, till nature weakned, and the powers of life decay'd, they en'e kick'd up their heels, and bid good night to ye.

Disc. And did your Conscience sleep the while?

Med. Ha, ha, ha, Conscience quotha! why I had purged her Guts out long before.

Disc. But this is a transcendant wickedness.

Med. 'Tis nothing Sir, with some of our profession: Wickedness! that's a good one: Why would you debar us trying practices?

Disc. At such a rate, and reason too.

Med. Nay, nay, reason me no reason, practice is practice: but why do I thus spend my Breath without a fee? Ego Medicus, some and so your Servant Sir.

Now in my Dreant I perceived he withdrew himself into a back Closet, furnished with more poisonous druggs than the Etonian fields; wherefore not thinking it safe to stay any longer within the wind of him, away we trudged, and thus I murmured to my self.

Art is indeed to be admin'd by all,

But who are they the Sons of Art we call?

*Why those that make a Conscience of a
Crime,*

*Who know and use that knowledge made
sublime*

By virtue, but if she be absent then,

Art is not Art, nor those that use it men.

And so we passed on till we came to a high street, where we beheld many people passing, but could not see any favourers of our friends amongst the crowd, that we thought convenient to put the Question to, as knowing it would be lost labour, by reason we saw *Envy, Pride, Hipocrisy, Dissimulation, and Fraud* walk jig by jole with the greatest part of them; whereupon we struck off to the left hand, and there in an Alley found a man a Kneading, who by his whiteness, much resembled *Innocency* at first blush; but it seems, every like is not the same, though here we resolved to make inquiry. Now in my Dream I perceived he looked about him, and espied us, whom he supposed to be a couple of sharp set Fellows that were coming to leap at a Grust. But this consideration was scarcely Midwif'd into his fancy, as the issue of his crazy brain, ere we asked for those we so much long'd to find, viz. *Honesty and Plain-dealing*; and we put the

Quest-

Question hard, but the man who went as perceived, under the nomination of Pinch-poor, after a little stamering, made us the subsequent reply.

Pinch-poor. Gentlemen, I suppose you mistake the place, no such Fellows as you mention can live amongst plenty of Bread, there is no Corn in *Egypt* for them at this time a day.

Discovery. Did you know them friend? have you had any acquaintance with either of them?

Pinch-p. No, by my Oven Lidd Sir not: I acquainted with them! Sure Sir you must be very weak to put such a Question to a Bread-moulder.

Disc. Why is it any harm friend to know them? nay to have conversation with them? for my part I should not think it.

Pinch-p. Think you Sir what you will, I know what I think, and beg your leave to think on.

Disc. Do you think any harm on them?

Pinch-p. Yess by my Maukin do I harm notha! Ay, ay, harm enough I'll assure ye. The battery of 500 rotten Eggs at the celebration of a triple Exaultation would be more welcome than their Company, for they handle a man ten times worse; how many have suffered for ha-

ving but the least to do with them, and Sung *Lacrine* on the wrong side, a Iron or a Wooden Grate for many a Frosty Winter, whilst their Wives and Children were obliged to take up in the extremities of the Region of Necessity, a place whether neither *Bakers* nor *Mealman* cares for coming ; for there is neither Corn nor Wind-mills, all the Inhabitants are miserable poor.

Disc. *And ought to be relieved, ought they not ?*

Pinch-p. No Sir I think not, but that they are e'ne well enough served for disdainning to follow the fashion of the World ; they might have taken notice by my false Ballances puffing and pinching, that the Region of defraud was a very prosperous place.

Disc. *Ay, but those that associate with Honesty and Plain-dealing, ever love to be where Conscience dwells, and she it seems is a stranger there.*

Pinch-p. Ay, and we are mightily pleased with her absence, for did not we set *Knavery* on the Frontiers, strongly to Guard the pass between the Mountains of *Self-interest* and *Deceit*, she would be breaking in and raising a Huracane to overturn our great *Diana*, the very Foundation of our profit.

Disc.

Disc. *But how came you at first to divorce her?*

Pinch-p. *Ha, ha, ha, what Ignorance you expresse, by putting that question to a Baker: why that which others call the Popes Eye, we call the Eye of Conscience, and seeing she was troublesome, we blinded her with mouldy Meal, and stuff of twice grown Corn, and then before she had leisure to clear her Eye sight, gave her the slip, and stept into the other quarter, and to prevent her following, dam'd up the passage with great lumps of Dough, pinch'd from the good Wives Loaves, which kept her back till I had time to raise the Fences higher. As for the Gyant I have named, he is maintained by my industry, to Watch and Ward, and is so diligent therein, that I live more and more in security.*

Disc. *But think you that security will always last? Know you not there is a Tophet hot as Eternal Wrath can make it?*

Pinch-p. *Unless you mean my Oven Sir, I understand you not, a Tophet said he, that's a Stamp word; what of that, is it a place to Bake Loaves in?*

Disc. *'Twas made for such as you, that triumph in your Frauds, who being bundled up, shall there be turn'd into everlasting Flames.*

Pinch-p. O grievous ! bundled up said he : why Sir I hope you don't take me for a Faggot : But it matters not whether you do or not, for let me tell you, d'ye hear Sir, I have been so much used to poak in the fire, that the flame you mention will hardly fright me from clubbing with *Deceit* for a fine Livelyhood. But now I think on't, while I stand prating here to no purpose, my Batch will be spoiled ; therefore Gentlemen, you'd do well to be going.

Now in my Dream I perceived he hastened to a dark place clouded with smoak, whereupon we took him to be a Fellow capable to leaven the whole lump of his fraternity, and so left him to be corrected by the Wooden Gimcracks.

But we had not gone far, but we met a finecal Fellow with a Bundle under his Arm, and perceived his Pockets rattled with Needles, Thimbles, Bodkins, and Sheers, so that at first I took him for a Morice-dancer with Bells, but he proved a meer *Hocusfocus*, a Moth that had fretted away many a Yard of Back furniture, and by a certain slight of hand, deceived the very sight of men ; here thought I 'tis in vain to make any inquiry, wherefore I stepped over the Channel to be marching
on

on the other side, but was pul'd back by *Discovery*, who was not willing to let this ninth part of Mortality, Anglice a Taylor pass unquestioned, but stopped him with the following demand.

Disc. Friend know you *Honesty and Plain-dealing*, have you made any Garments for 'em of late?

Taylor. Sir I neither know them nor do I desire to have any dealing with them, few of my profession have occasion for such Customers, if they are so hard to be pleased as is reported.

Disc. The report friend has cast you into an Error, for they are placable, mild, Gentle and easie, dealing uprightly with all men, not defrauding any, but rendering to every man what is justly his due.

Tayl. Why there's it now, and would you have a Taylor have any thing to do with them? why the Trade would be undone then, for we must en'e give over planting Cabbidges in Hell, no slip of value must be Gentily filched, nor yet a Remnant saved. The report cast me into an Error said he, no, no, that's a mistake, this is just as I heard it; besides, although I am but a Younger Brother of the Craft, yet upon what I have heard, I have bidden *Honesty and Plain-dealing* defiance, and

vowed to make perpetual War with them, and if they dare attempt my Quarters, no Louse was ever mauled as I'll maule them.

Disc. You talk like a person with a sick fancy, is your Braines crazed friend?

Tayl. No I think not, Mr. Will with the Whiff, but it would make a man mad of our profession, especially to be buz'd in the Ears with your *Honesty* or *Plain-dealing*, as if you were turned their Advocate, and went about to perswade us to give them House room. No, no, it will never do, we'll have no spies upon our ways and actions.

Disc. Friend we search after them for other reasons, our chief design is to find them.

Tayl. Ay, and search you may till Dooms day for ought I know, for I can give you no directions: no Sir by my Goos would not if I could, for fear if you should find them asleep (for I believe they have little else to do) that under pretence of returning me thanks, they should pay me a visit, and imbroyle my affairs, by curtailing my Bills, sealing up the door of my Cabbidg Room, and twitting me in the Teeth for cutting out two for one, putting in Brown-paper instead of Buckerum, and ma-

many such pretty devices incident to men of our profession.

Disc. If Conscience had any Rule in you, you would not speak so hardly of her dear Companions.

Tayl. Ha, ha, ha, that's very pritty! Conscience say you, that's fine indeed. Why who ever heard of a Taylors Conscience prethee?

Disc. Say you so, then our farther inquiry as to any directions we can hope for from you, may be spared.

Tayl. Ay, ay, very well, for it won't availe you the thread of a Garment; and so I leave you to consider on't.

Upon this he step'd into a blind Ale-house, tip'd off his penny pot, snatch'd his Goole out of the fire, spit upon't, whip'd out again threaded through the Company, and jump'd upon his shop-board, where we left him cross-leg'd, and suddainly turning the Corner, met divers Married Females, who had taken leave of their Husbands under pretence of visiting a sick friend, seeing their Children at Nurse, taking their farewell of some pretended Aunt or the Couzen, who was Coaching it into the Country or so; when indeed their business was nothing less; for looking back, we saw 'em

dive into a Tavern, where their Gallants attended their Arrival to entertain them with Love posselt. But we scarce had passed them, when we stumbled upon a drove of Painters and Journeymen Shoemakers, who came Reeling at a rate that had like to overset us, but bearing up briskly, they recoild and jostling together, decently fell, making the Channel for that time their Dormitorie; so taking them for little better than Rubbish, we left them to fill up the holes, and passed through a little Wicket, where in my Dream I perceived that *Envy* met us, and stood in the way to hinder our Progress through the Region of *Truth*, but the Light of Understanding struck her blind for a time, which gave us opportunity to pass by her, which we did with as much speed as possible, to avoid the Hissing of her feeble Snakes. Now I further perceived that the way growing wider, we met a grave Fellow, who resembled a *Philosopher*, his Beard was as long as *Cato's*, and his Head Hoary for want of moisture; and on his Forehead was ingraven *Flattery*. Bless me thought I, sure this man must be wrong Named, and may be *Honesty* thus Branded by *Envy*, on purpose to deceive us, and render our Inquiry

quiry fruitless. *Discovery* at the first was of the same opinion, and resolved to learn it from himself, when coming up and clapping him on the Shoulder, he cryed *Halo Grandfir*, at which rough salute he seemed to be offended, although he could not well perceive who we were, for Age had made him dim sighted. When thus *Discovery* began.

Disc. Father you seem to be a *Grave*, *Wise*, and *Judicious* man, a man of *Elder* dayes, which gives me hopes you can inform me whether *Honesty* and *Plain-dealing* took their *Journey* when they left these parts, or are they yet remaining hereabout?

Upon this, methought he put on his Spectacles, and peering in our Faces for a while, replied.

Flattery. Who are you Sir, that ask me such a question?

Disc. One that fain would be satisfied in this demand.

Flatt. You might as well asked me for the *Philosophers Stone* or a *Phoenix Egg*.

Disc. Are they so hard to be found then?

Flatt. Ay exceeding difficult amongst men of my profession!

Disc. What may your Profession be Father?

Flatt. Why friend, some call me a
Men

Merchant, some a Planter; but indeed I am neither, yet I am a well wisher to both, and have help'd them to many a hopeful bargain.

Disc. *A Bargain Father*: Of what, pray let us understand a little?

Flatt. Why in plain terms under the Rose, some call me a Canibal, or devourer of Humane Liberty, others a Soul-seller, and others a plain downright Kidnapper, though most imagine me a Merchant.

Disc. *A very fine Trade*, and is this your profession?

Flatt. Yess, yess, many a Father have I bereaved of his Children, many a Master of his Servant, many a bribe have I had of the Wife to ship away her Husband, that she might freely Revel it with him she liked better; as often has been my gain from the Husband to rid him off a Scolding or Troublesome Wife; nay Unckles have paum'd my Fist with Gold to send away their Nephews, that they might enjoy their Estates, of which they were left Gaurdians. O many a Master has sent for me at midnight, to help him off with his Chamber-maid when her belly began to rise in Rebellion; ten Guineys have I had of an Apprentice in a morning for the like

ser-

service, when the Cook-wench's Belly grumbled. And all this was done under the umbrage of their straying through discontent, or their being gone into the Country to visit their Relations.

Disc. And did this satisfy their Relations? was no further inquiry made after them when missing?

Flatt. Yess, perhaps they might; but then if they were Husbands, Wives, Servants, or the like, we had got a trick to make the first Inquiry, by publick Crying them, but never till they were surely shopt'd in the Bilboes.

Disc. But how came you to the Fingering on them? how contrived you to get them so safely into your Clutches?

Flatt. Oh, many wayes: as when I saw a Young Lad stand discontented, I'd make up to him, and ask him his Name, place of Abroad, and Imployment; in which being readily satisfied, I'd raile against the cruelty of his Father or Master, telling him it was a shame, and that they were punishable for using such Rigor to so hopeful a Youth: Then would I underfeel his resolves, by telling him of much pleasure and plenty, and by what means he might possess it, or that I would help him to a Master, whose kindness should appear

pear beyond expression; which wrought upon him to that degree, that he went contentedly, *as an Ox to the Slaughter, &c.*

Disc. *But met you with none that were rough and untractable?*

Flatt. Yes many, and some came now and then to put a trick upon me, but I shew'd them a trick for their Learning; for getting them to the brims of the Element, where I had a little tipling House for the purpose, I used to put *Opium* in their Liquor, which charming their Senses into a slumber, under the favour of that opportunity, and the dusk of the Evening, I clapt them aboard my Badger, and then good-by Gaffer, they saw no more daylight till they found themselves out of their own Country, and then though all to late, they began to Ban their folly that had prompted them to leap out of the Frying-pan, into the Fire.

Disc. *But some perhaps would not swallow this Bait?*

Flatt. Those I made larger offers, telling them I was indeed a Merchant, and had whole Islands of my own, to confirm which I had ever a voucher at my Elbow. Then would I send them Aboard with a fine Key a token to secure them, though they knew no other then that it belong'd
to

to a rich Cabbin, for so I told them, furnished with all that was pleasant and delightful, as also that my self would be with them in the Evening, and accompany them in all hazards, which made them on their arrival, begin to command like Emperours, but their courages were soon cool'd, for the *Purser* or *Boatswain* under pretence of conducting them to their Cabbin, pulls up a Trap and thrust them head and shoulders into dark durance, where they found a Covey of Fools lamenting their folly, and the Key is returned to bait for other Wood-cocks. As for the Married Cattle, they for the most part Trappan one another under the coaking flattery of renewed affection, having always one of us at hand, to invite the party to a splendid Entertainment near the River, when occasionally, though it seemd as if it happened by chance, we meet a person who invites us Aboard, and with many perswasions, are urged to induce a compliance, which is no sooner done, but they are left under the Hatches to lament their too much Credulity. As for the Wenches, they are troled thether by such as getting some small acquaintance, pretend love and good will, feigning themselves to be Officers of trust and command, and

and by that means they work upon the weakness of such Females as are Rampant for Husbands; and thus have I gulled and been instrumental in gulling a thousand: Nay I have a trick of binding them, if we fear a search will be made, and by that means I have the value of them for the most part before they are released.

Now in my Dream I perceived he would a gon on, *Ad Infinitum*: But Discovery finding him a very Knave in Grain, & loath to spend any more time to no purpose, we left him in a fit of Coughing, that had just seized him, and struck off to the left; yet had not gone far, but up comes a Fellow in Whiskers, Grim as the first begotten of *Belzebub*, with Eyes staring, Hair flaring about his Eare, Bloated Cheeks, and a Nose resembling a Beacon, his Belly strutted, and his Legs were of the largest size; at his Waist hung Keys ratling in Chaines, and behind him Hand-Screws, Double-Darbys, Cross-bitts, and the like, which made me at first conceit him to be one of the *Spanish Inquisitors*, for on his Forehead in large Capitals I perceived *Oppression*, and fancied that that was his Name, and though I was unwilling to have any discourse with him,

him; yet *Discovery* would needs inquire something, if but to unravel the Monster, who bore up like a Ship under Sail: And thus *I* fancyed they began their discourse.

Disc. Have you a Habitation in these parts, or are you of some remoter part of the World?

Oppression. The reason before *I* give my answer, why you ask *I* would gladly know.

Disc. Truly Friend, the cause of this inquiry proceeds from no other reason, than that we are desirous to be informed where a couple of Persons (whom *I* am injoyed to find out, and in whose search we have been hitherto unsuccessful) reside, or have abiding place.

Oppress. Perhaps *I* may inform you, for I have many under Lock and Key of divers sorts and sizes.

Disc. Two downright Men they are; one of 'em especially, whom *I* hear to be gone into Garments of homespun Kersey of late.

Oppress. But their Names Sir, have you not their Names? and then *I* can better inform you.

Disc. Honesty and Plain-dealing Men were wont to call 'em, and 'tis by those names *I* inquire after 'em.

Oppress. How Honesty and Plain-dealing say you,---No Sir they are not in my custody,

study, neither do I remember I had ever any thing to do with 'em. Nor is it the best way to fall into my clutches, for they do, I'll so hamper them, they never was so hamperd in their lives.

Disc. *Would your Conscience serve you, misuse Men who are Vertues Friends?*

Oppress. Vertues Friends, say you; ay, to chuse, for I am her Mortal foe. And as for Conscience now you name her, take notice that she's lockt up in a dark Dungeon, shackled with Extortion, Harcuss'd with Bribery, Thumb-screw'd with Oppression, and bound Neck and Heels with the Chains of cruel usage, too far to trouble me, though, till I found the way to Curb her, she would be meddling in my affairs, and pittying those I unmercifully beat, and fed with Bread and Water of affliction, to extort Money out of them, those I kept in for fees till they perished, and those I Shipp'd off at Midnight for Slaves. And if you should chance as I doubt it, to meet with the parties you inquire after, have me recommended to them in this Dialect, and warn them to have a care how they fall into my Quarters.

Now in my Dream I perceived that this dreadful Story put *Discovery* beside

his further inquiry for not being longer able to hear such a cruelty mentioned, he stopped his Ears, and made hast away, leaving this Monster of a Man, who could not be less than a *Mahometan* to trudge about his business, yet looking behind me, I perceived him enter a strong place, made of the Bones of Mother Earth, and fortified with Iron Ribs, through which distressed Mortals breath'd their Lamentations, whose sad condition whilst I was condoling, my Ears were saluted with the shrieks and cryes of a Female, when entering the next Street called the *Way of all Flesh*, I beheld a mournful Spectacle which sadden'd my Heart; and what should it be, but the *Manes* of a deceased Gentleman, whom they were carrying to his long home, followed by a number of Mourners, who in a manner covered their Faces, and breath'd out many sighs to wound the Air, and groans like Peals of Thunder: But above all the beautiful Widdow, whom Tears made lovely, was most outrageous. Nor as I then perceived would she be comforted, but still exclaimed of her hard Fortune, to be thus deprived as she said by cruel *Death*, and her ill fated Stars of all her happiness on Earth, just in the Spring-tide of her joys. O! said she, had

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I but dyed to follow thee my Love, how should I have been blest you cruel powers. Why did you thus divide us? But since you will not take my life, I'll waſt my days in tears and groans, I'll baniſh ſlumber from my Eyes, and ſigh away my Soul, no food ſhall ever reſreſh me, nor the melody of Muſique wound my Ear, farewel all joys, all comforts all delights ſince he is gone to whom I owe my boundleſs Love, never, for thy ſake, more will I renew my Marriage Bed, or ſee with pleaſantneſs the face of Man, but retire from all the gawdy vanities, till Death prove kind, and ſnatch me to my Lord.

This ſtream of grief, from one ſo fair much afflicted me, and methought I was about to ſtep and comfort her, and had done it, but that I beheld one very Officious in that undertaking. By this time we came to the Repository of the Dead, and there ſhe a freſh renew'd her ſorrow, and ſeem'd to give it ſcope, to that exceſs, that her Friends had no ſmall trouble to, keep her from ruſhing Headlong on him in the Grave. O part us not ſaid ſhe, but let me here embrace him, ever cling to his cold ſtiff Limbs, and with my tears imbalm his ſenſeleſs Clay, preſerve him from the injury of Time, and

drive

Drive away those Vermin that would prey
upon my Love, and sport with helpless
him, in whom my Heart is center'd.

By this time I beheld in my Dream,
that the torrent of grief (which I after-
ward found to be all but fained) abated,
and she returned to her House, whether
we followed, as hoping from this Tra-
geck Scen of woe, some instructions might
be gathered: But we no sooner entered,
but the Scen was changed, for standing
unseen, I perceived all had left her, but
him that supported her to and from the
gloomy Cave of Death, and he it seems
had undertaken to comfort her, not with-
out her own desire, when turning up her
face, the Clouds of grief that like a Win-
ter Night, so late or'espread her face,
were vanished, smiles assembled in their
audy Troops to take possession, and Ro-
se blushes put chill pailness to the flight,
when after some wanton toying, they
thus began to Dialogue.

Insinuation. O how I Love thee! My
admired, my adored Mistriss. Nay, my
appyness and sole delight, how much
am I indebted to thee for this days per-
formance---Come let me imbrace my joy.

Disimulation. Nay Sir, what is't you
mean? --- O fie. --- Nay, nay, this must not
be

be, I have vow'd continency.

Insin. It must, my happyness, for you I stayed and sigh'd, and thought *Death* long delay'd thus to befriend me: But since he has proved kind, come be not nice, you know I have loved you long, your Virgin beauties when unsullyed were by right my due, though your too hasty Parents snatched you from my Armes, as charmed by Gold to give you to an other. But now since fate has been propitious and removed the Obstacle, I court afresh and hope to find you plyant.

Diff. *Ay Sir, but what will People say, when they perceive the Storm of grief I raised so soon blown over? Pray think of that.*

Ins. Nothing thou wonder of thy Sex, but that the minds of Woman varey, and are subject to change, and so they do of all thy Sex.

Diff. *But by that means I shall incur reproach and infamy. --- Could I but avoid that!*

Ins. Infamy and reproach, never fear it, I'll protect you from the malice of blasting Tongues, these Tongues that blot the brightest Vertue, shall not have power to fix a stain on you. Your grief was acted to the life.

Diff. *And do you think it was but acted,*

I not real; can you be so impartial?

Inf. Come thoughts are free my Love,
more of that, but set the day. Live
the Living, let the Dead rest silent in
Grave.

Diff. The day for what---pray what day,
at day is it you'd have me set?

Inf. The day to celebrate our happy
otials. The day to crown my wishes
th their highest Aime. Come blush
thus, nor turn away your lovely Face;
ak, shall it be the next?

Diff. I know not what to say: he was my
band, and methinks I should not so soon
get him; besides I've vow'd Continency.

Inf. O! look not back on thoughts of sad-
s, 'twill grieve his shade to see you sad,
en he is happy; it looks like envying
felicities. Continency no more of that
rethee.

Diff. Were it not a little too soon methinks
uld love you. Well I have a struggling in
Breast?

Inf. Come loose no time my lovely fair-
to morrow night shall make a-
nds for all the faults and censures of
day; when in my Arms safe as in
ells of Brass, you are stretched at ease,
find those transports from a Vigorous
er, that will charm you into Extasie
melt,

melt you into joys unspeakable, transport your Soul in raptures, near resembling those above; such as Age and impotency never could bestow: No Ghost nor frightful shade shall terrify my Love.

Diff. Alas Sir, you talk of strange matters: what are there any Ghost? indeed I must confess I have heard of such things; and I vow now you put me in mind on'em, I shall be afraid.

Ins. That there are Ghost that wander round the Tombs, when Church-Yards yaun, and visit by the Midnight Gloom their frightened and amazed Friends. Learned Authors in all Ages do affirm.

Diff. O Lamentable! if it be so, pardon my blushes, I must intreat you as a friend to stay all night and watch me, and to morrow cast my self into your Arms; for indeed now you have put this into my head, I dare not lie alone; but I hope you'll use me kindly, and never twist me in the Teeth hereafter for my sudden yielding, for believe me, had it not been for fear of lying alone and seeing the Ghost, I would not have Married, or at least not this Fortnight.

Ins. Fear nothing my delight, I'll even be obedient to your will. Ha! ha! she's won already: O! the fickle state of Vⁿ man kind; but no more on't, least I should spoil the sport.

To her.

*Death has been kind, and you as kind as he,
Let's hence my lovely Widdow, but that
Name*

*No longer than the Morning dawn shall be,
Then it shall vanish in Loves Lambent
flame.*

Now in my Dream I perceived they retired into a Chamber richly hung, where stood a stately Alcove imbroidered with Gold, the soft recumbancy of Love, and there we left them, as not imagining, where so much dissimulation and wickedness dwelt; our inquiry would be available.

We were no sooner in the Street, but we stumbled upon a plain Country Fellow in a gray homespun Coat, a Girdle near as big as a Horse-collar about his Waist, and a steepled Crownd Hat, much in fashion in the days of Queen Dick, his Shooes were clouted, and his Stockings you wou'd have taken for Roman Buskins. At sight of this Man my heart began to leap, for thought I, this must be *Plain-dealing*, or the Devil's in't: Which *Discovery* perceiving, smild, and nodded his Head, when marching up towards him, and running

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his Candle almost into his Beard, which made him start ; he cryed, wot won your bren a mon: And with that pulling his Hat out of his Eyes, I perceived Ignorance on his forehead, wherefore I found I was mistaken ; yet Discovery tipping him on the Elbow urged him to discourse.

Discovery. Friend, whether are you Travelling?

Ignorance. Whay waud whoo knaw? If whoo won tall a Body, that whoo will tall whoo whare whoo dwell.

Disc. I suppose in the Country Friend, but it matters not where, so be it you can inform us where Honesty and Plain-dealing have taken up their Quarters.

Ign. What won you say Haunestay and Plain-Daulin, thoat's whaint? No marry dant oy.

Disc. We thought you might. But again have you not heard of 'em?

Ign. Oy marry han oy, but oy could n'are zee aum.

Disc. That's hard, I thought they might be taking the Air in the Conntry, seeing they have absented themselves from the Town of late.

Ign. Deer zer dy, oys knaw nauthing on aum, aw oys can zay to the maüter oys heard, oys Vather zay oance they caume

which
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came doan an liggd in whoos Hause.

Disc. *And pray did you hear how he entertained them?*

Ign. Yeas varily, whoo zay whoo at virst waus varey loffing to 'aum, but whoo perceving whoo waud now let whoo remove the Land-Maurks, naw ne mawe a zwath of whoo's Naughbers Grass, or remove his zhocks a Caun an Haw to whoos awn gront, naw ner pauster whoos Houses in his Naubours gront, when whoo waus a sleap ne anter the meausur of whoos Caun, and manny zuch Maurters, whoo won ha naw mawr to done with whoo, but zent whoo a' pauking, and then whoo done aw this, and a grant dale mawr as well as whoos Naubour's.

Disc. *And since that time you have not heard of 'em.*

Ign. Naw ne oy, moyn Vather chaurg oy, on whoos Bleasing that oy's ha naughting to done wiw whoo ne mawr oy's ha naw.

Now in my Dream I perceived *Discovery* grew weary of discoursing with this lump of mortality, and therefore desired him since he could give no better account to be jogging on, when after three or four scrapes, and twice bussing of his Hand he left us. But as if Fortune had on purpose cast

cast Blockheads in our way, we were not sixteen paces, before we perceived a slovenly Fellow come toward us, gnawing a Custard, and this we took to be a Pastrey Man that was wont to deal in Cat-peys, but it proved to be *Gluttony*, whom it seems went up and down from Morning to Night, devouring all that came to his Fingering, and so we let him pass, not thinking it convenient to trouble our Heads with him, as knowing him to live upon the spoil of other Mens Tables, and the decay of their Purses, Drunkenness followed him in a wretched condition, spewing and staggering all the way, twice or thrice had he been in the Kennel, and after him wallowed a number of fatt Hostesses, calling to those that were before to stop him, but he still staggered on till he came to a Prison-Gate, where giving a great reel, he burst open the Wicket with his Head, when his Body following, it closed upon him, and there I left him to bethink himself when he was sober.

Now in my Dream I perceived Vertue hastening towards us half naked, flying amain, for Vice with whom she had a long time contended for the Mastry, had it seems gotten the Victory, and was in pursuit

ult of her, she looked me thoughts lovely
and gay as the Rosie Morn, when *Anro-*
va's Gates give way to the swift courser of
the Sun, who gilds the Eastern Clouds
with Purple and with Gold, and as she
flew towards the Clouds, I heard a voice
from the Earth cry after her, return, re-
turn: But it seems she had been so badly
used that she took no notice on't, but kept
on her way till she was out of sight.
Whereupon I began to consider with my
self, that although Vice had much enlarg-
ed his Borders, yet I could not conceive
but Vertue had many fair Territories, and
made some thousands happy with her
smiles, doing every where much good,
though her reward was for the most part
slender, which urged me to believe she
might be gone for new instructions. But
whilst these meandering imaginations
made me heavy and dumpish, me thoughts
Fornication came on with a Troop of sin-
ners at his Heels, of all ages and Sexes,
whereat blefs me, quoth I, am I in *Sodom*,
and thereupon starting I awaked, and
found it but a Dream.

The precedent imaginations, or won-
derous fancys making a deep impression in
my mind. I lay some time amazed at
what had past; but perceiving the Sun

was mounted high, and in his burning
 course & smoot on me, rousing my self and
 rubbing hard my drowsie Eyes, after
 Yaun or two & stretched my self, I got upon
 my feet, when looking round me, I per-
 ceived a neighbouring Grove, which at a
 distance seemed so pleasant, that having
 much of the day to Tpend, theither I bent
 my steps; and entering, was delighted
 with the spreading shade, which canopi-
 ed me from the scorching eye of day. But
 as if Fate had doom'd me to dull drousi-
 ness, my Legs denyed support again, & a dis-
 solveing quickly flew through every part,
 each Sinnew, Artery, and Ligament grew
 lank; when finding I must yield, down
 I cast my self on a Mossey Banck, beneath
 a flowrey shade, whose sweets defused
 help'd Leaden handed *Somnus* Boughs,
 which were of force before, to make the
 boldest Mortal own his charms.

Sleeping I Dreamed, and in my Dream
 beheld my self just in the state I was be-
 fore, I at last awake, and *Discovery* was at
 my right hand, and began to chide me for
 deserting him; but had not time to utter
 his resentments, e're a Grave old Fellow
 briskly bore upon us, wrapt up in Furs
 and Velvet, imbroidered and imbossed,
 his Countenance was oft Eclipsed with
 frowns

crowns on his Forehead, in black characters sat *Ingratitude*, one hand was open and the other clinch'd. This Man thought I can never help us to our wish, and therefore I'de a let him pass, but *Discovery* before I was aware, began the following Dialogue.

Discovery. Sir you appear to be a Person of no small Authority in these parts, I'de ask you a few Questions.

Ingratitude. 'Tis in your power so to do it, but be Speedy.

Disc. In the first place, Sir what street do you call this, for I'm a stranger in this place?

Ing. Men call it Self-Love Street, which leads you into Misers Row.

Disc. I fear I'm then out of my way, I am upon inquiry for a brace of men, and fear I have mistook the Street.

Ing. You know their Names I hope?

Disc. Ay, *Honesty* and *Plain-dealing*, do you know them Sir?

Ing. No Sir, 'tis not fit I should: I never so much as heard of them.

Disc. That's strange in one arrived at your Maturity: What may your business be it'h World, that you should be so ignorant?

Ing. My Name's *Ingratitude*, I kept a

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Shop the other day, but now I live upon my Means.

Disc. Ingratitude, why that's a hateful Name, a Name that the very Heathens spit at.

Ing. I am sorry for your ignorance Sir, if you knew how I am Courted, you'd be of another Opinion.

Disc. How Courted when so old and withered: But pray Sir by which Sex is it ye are Courted?

Ing. O! by both Sir, my Antichambers are each morning crouded with such as come to make me presents, and congratulate my welfare.

Disc. 'Tis much it should be so: But what is't they expect?

Ing. Why there's the business, they seek by such means, to Ingratiate themselves into my favour, that I may do them some good turn or other.

Disc. And you'l do't, if it be in your power?

Ing. I flatter them with such gaudy hopes, till I enrich me by their spoils, and then good night to them.

Disc. And is this fair? can you dispench with this?

Ing. Ay very well, I've got a fair Estate by't, and Wedded many a Woodcock to my interest.

Wife. Who for the good turns they did me, hoped to be preferred, or made at least amends at Usance; but when I found they could do no more, but press'd me hard for some Retaliation, I laugh'd them into madness, and sent them railing from my door.

Disc. And does not one good turn deserve another?

Ing. Nor with me Sir, 'Tis a thing I understand not, I've seen those starve at my very door, that often have relieved me.

Disc. Conscience would direct you better.

Ing. Conscience! Ay, ay, that's a good one; let me alone till I take her directions. Nay, I'll warrant you she'll never trouble her head to prescribe me Rules and Methods.

Disc. You have her Sir I hope.

Ing. No Sir I han't, I'll tell you that, for if I had, she'd ne'r so tamely a suffered me to hold so many Persons in the Chain of Vain-hope to be my Heirs, whose Noses I intend to wipe when I have drained them dry. No, no Sir, I have stifled Conscience long e're this.

Disc. As how: Pray by what means could it be done?

Ing. By turning my aged Father out of Doors, when out of Paternal Love and kindness to promote my Marriage, he had

made o're to me what ever was his; and seeing him without a fence of pittie beg his Bread, and break his Heart with grief, by using Artifices to prove a Whore of her that bore me decently, to bar her of her Dowrey, by swearing him out of his life, who was my Faithful Friend, and once had saved mine, because I knew that he had layed so deep an Obligation on me that whilst he lived I must ever have made acknowledgements, and therefore at one bold stroak I rid my self of such an ill conveniency, and if from these you gather that either *Honesty*, *Plain-dealing*, or the Puny thing called *Conscience* be of my acquaintance, I'll leave you to your dear mistake.

Disc. *I am confirmed they are not, nor ever dare they dwell with such impiety; and least your breath infect, or putrify the Air to shed contagion on me; I'll avoid you as a Bazilisk.*

Now in my Dream I beheld that *Discovery* hastened on with all speed, and drew me after him, leaving this piece of inhumanity to travel to the Regions of *Destruction*, and had not gone far, but a Fellow crost the way with lofty looks, and often stambled as I perceived, because his Eyes were ever elevated, his Feet were
ever

ever in a dancing motion, touching but lightly the detested soil. As for his gaudy accoutrements, he seemed a walking Mercers Shop, set out with the advantages of every other Trade, that usually contributes to promote our ages vanity. In his face sat *Youth* and *Age*, his countenance was feminine, though I perceived him to partake of either Sex, his Pockets strutted with Perriwigs Powders, Patches, Paints, Washes, Pomades, and a thousand such impertinencies; his Eyes were upward, and therefore he stumbled upon us before he was awar, when *Pride* (for so was his Name) somewhat declining from his stiffer State, he cast a disdainful look, and asked us in a haughty manner, how we durst oppose his way, but little minding his frowns *Discovery* began to sift him.

Disc. Sir, who are you that are thus made up of ridicule?

Pride. Who are you Sirrah, that dare be so sawcy to demand such a question?

Disc. One that knows you perhaps better then you know your self.

Pride. That's very brave indeed that such a sneaking Fellow as you should have gained such knowledge. What you are some Mope Eyed Light-monger, that knows not the difference between *to-day*

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and Owl-light, and are going a Lowbelling for Wood-cocks I'll warrant ye.

Disc. *If so Sir, I doubt not but I have found an overgrown one in meeting you.*

Pride. How dare you say this to me, fly my anger, or you are dead.

Disc. *Hold, hold Sir, put up your indignation, and let us parley a little.*

Pride. Dare you be thus impertinent to me? I'll make you know your distance Sirrah.

Disc. *If your anger is over Sir, I would ask you a question. Thus low I beg such a favour.*

Pride. O do you so! well you may go on, though I hope you will learn more manners for the future.

Disc. *May it please you Sir, to inform me where I may find Honesty and Plain-dealing.*

Pride. Impertinent Coxcomb to ask me such a question. No Sirrah I have no knowledge of any such Beggarly Fellows, my conversation is with those of a higher rank.

Disc. *Ay Sir, I know you have confidence enough to exault your self above your betters. Yet Pride will have a fall, you are he that tramples upon humility, and despise Vertue: Nay you are the eldest born of Satan, that*
has

has troubled the World in all ages, one that threw your Father down headlong into Regions of eternal gloom, and have plung'd many millions after him, and damn'd more Souls than Atheism and Ignorance.

Pride. Sir stop there, I'll not indure this rallery. Know your distance.

Disc. A little longer you must. Your anger will be Bootless. You I say are the causes of Division, Emulation, Treasons, Wars and Rebellion: Wherefore there's no hopes to be imbettered by you, so I'll keep my way.

In my Dream I perceived this Tart discourse so thorowly netled *Pride*, that swelling with indignation till he well nigh burst, he was about to revenge the affront as he termed it, but *Discovery* cast the mist of *Self-conceit* before his Eyes, which so dozed his little understanding, that before he could find his senses, we were out of reach. But Fate soon crost us by casting ambition in our way, a thing that walks on Piramides, whom we found to be more turbulent than the former, for his discourse was of nothing but aspiring greatness, Blood and Revenge, grasping at Crowns, Scepters, and such like insignes of Royalty: Though as I perceived he was made up of nothing but *Airy imaginations*, corded together with insatiable
de-

desire and thirst of Glory, but so loosely that they often slip, and indangered his falling in pieces, and therefore not finding a solid substance, we let him pass, when close at his Heels followed Ruine and Disgrace: Being almost out of hopes of finding any Person of whom we might inquire, we left this Street, and struck off into Humility-Lane, where we had yet some hopes of retrieving our lost labour, but found our selves deceived, for Pride and Ambition it seems had been there and taken Hostages of the Inhabitants to be at their devotion, which did not a little trouble me, for I had flattered my self, that here our search might end; but whilst I was musing on many things, up comes a Fellow whom I afterward understood to be *Self-conceit*, and it seems he had been a great Romancer, and understood something of *Logick*, he appeared very Airy, and was as brisk as *Bottled Ale*; thought I to my self this is a *Rambler*, and may perhaps inform us of more then we are awar on, and therefore I urged *Discovery* to give him the meeting, who taking the hint, readily complied and fell to questioning him.

Discovery. Friend how far are you Travelling this way?

Self-

Self-conceit. But to the next street, called *Vanity Buildings*, a very noted Pile I'll assure ye, and a place much frequented.

Disc. *Are you known in these parts Sir?*

Self-c. Good lack a day! what a question there is: known, yess Sir, my Name is *Self-conceit*, I am the Eldest Son of Mr. *Folley*, descended of a very Antient Family; there is hardly a House in these parts but I have some Relation or other Lives in it.

Disc. *Your Kindred it seems then are many, and have spread themselves wide?*

Self-c. In truth you are in the right on't, for I cant number them, though when I see any of them, I know them by a mark peculiar to our Tribe; that is, their fine way of speaking in their own praise.

Disc. *But Sir, to let that pass, do you know one Goodman Honesty and his Brother Plain-dealing in these parts, are they any of your Tribe pray?*

Self-c. O Hoyty Toyty! Goodman Honesty, and so forth. No Sir, we are all Masters, or at least all Good men: Why I hope you don't take this for a Country Village? No, no, you see we are all fine Folks, we have neither Goodman's,

man's, Gaffer's, nor Gammer's amongst us, I thank ye Sir.

Disc. Perhaps they may Sojourn here about for a night or two?

Self-c. No, no, I can assure you there's no entertainment here about for such homespun Fellows; all the Lodgings are taken up by great Folk I'll assure you: Though I am a great Shollar, and a Man of Prodigious parts, if I was a stranger, unless I went very Gay, I should not be Entertained.

Disc. That's much: But a great Shollar say you! are you a great Shollar?

Self-c. Ay marry am I: Pray Sir do you question it?

Disc. No Sir not now, but I am glad to hear it, for it may prove advantageous to my present inquiry.

Self-c. O me! will it indeed and in very good earnest?

Disc. Ay doubtless: I think you say you are a Gentleman and a great Schollar?

Self-c. Ay, ay, you are in the right on't, for although I must confess my Father was but a Weaver, yet I think my self by improvement as good as the best; for you must know a man of parts is a Gentleman, take him at which end you will.

Disc.

Disc. *Ha! then you are the Son of a Weaver it seems, but only you are refined into Gentility, by Learning and the like?*

Self-c. Yes, yes, you are in the right on't.

Disc. *You have Read many Books I suppose, and are a great Linguist?*

Self-c. Very good, you hit me to a Hair, I wonder how you came to have such knowledge on me: O fy, how I undervalue my self with that thought, for who can imagine that a man of my prodigious Parts and Learning should not be known every where; why 'tis such as I that find Fame employment, her Wings would grow rough, and render her incapable of flight, did we not find her business. I dont know any think to the contrary, but my Name may be known in the *Indies* by this time, for I have sent many a piece of Paper abroad in Writing.

Disc. *A Letter or so perhaps about Merchandize?*

Self-c. No, no, I'll assure you I have writ Love-Letters and Madrigals, the finest pieces of Wit I think this Age can boast off: nay I have been in Print in *Fo*-*to* too, and many other fine things I'll assure you.

Disc. *And by this some would guess you*
real.

really are what you pretend, a great Scholar.

Self-c. Ay, ah, how can they do otherwise?

Disc. Well Sir, to grant that you are so, can you tell me the Mens names I inquire for in Latin, an odd request, yet you may do me a kindness in it, for who knows but they may have strained them to that pitch, the better to conceal themselves, for they have many Enemies I can assure ye.

Self-c. In Latin say you, let me see Honesty and Plain-dealing.----Hum,----in Latin say you?----why alas! I have left my Dictionary at home. Honesty and Plain-dealing say you? why I'll vow 'tis a very strange thing I should be so dull a sot, as not to have it in my mind: Pish it makes me scratch.---well I have it at my tongues end, yet truly Sir I must beg your pardon, I can't inform you at present, but I'll go and inquire if you'll stay a little.

Disc. No Sir it needs not; I only asked to underfeel your Scholarship.

Self-c. Underfeel me Sir! and what of that? Now you have underfelt me, I hope you take me for a Schollar don't you?

Disc. No indeed Sir I don't, you'd Languish perhaps if I should: a pretender perhaps you may be,

Self-

by Candle-light.

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Self-c. How Sir, how ! why I have read abundance of hard words I'll assure ye, as *Manus* and *Domus*, and the like.

Disc. *Manus* and *Domus*, pray Sir what do they signifie ?

Self-c. How silly you are, what do they signifie : Why they signifie *Manus* and *Domus*, what would you have them signifie else ?

Disc. This is very pretty : but have they no construction ?

Self-c. Ay, ay, *Manus* and *Domus*, that's their construction ; what construction would you have them have ?

Disc. Ha, Ha, Ha.

Self-c. What do you laugh Sir ? Well, well, I perceive by my great Learning you are a silly Fellow, and don't understand Emphatical pronountiation ; there are two other hard words for ye, but I do ill to spend my great parts upon one of such little sence, but I'll keep you company no longer.

Now in my Dream I perceived that this piece of impertinence put us into a fit of laughter, for almost a quarter of an hour, and scarcely had we recovered our selves, but we saw at a little distance *Thirst of Vain Glory*, Sister to *Ambition*, and round about her danced many Airy fan-

fantoms, as fancy, imagination shades, representing Chimeras and abundance of seeming nothings, though *Delusion* had set them out with imaginary Guilding and Painting to the best advantage, all her Garments were filled with Aire, which made 'em strut like a Ships Sailes, swell'd with *Southern* Blasts; but we had seen too much Vanity before, and so we let her pass with these remarks.

*Vain-Glory's an inchantress seeming fair,
Whose gilded Baits, fond Mortals do in-
snare;*

*But strip her once of her delusive Charms,
She'l prove a Hagg, and fright you from her
Arms.*

No blossom of success as yet appearing, we began to be in a doubt, whether we should pass further, or put in and rest us; but before we perceive him, *Prodigality* was upon us, now thought I with my self, this is a fair opportunity to be informed what kind of People dwell in *Extravagant* Town, which we were next to enter; but before I could make observations upon his fantastick Habillaments, he was making Ducks and Drakes with *Indian* Ingots, being extremely pleased to see them scrambled

led for ; though as it was strongly guess,
his Dadd bequeathed himself to *Lucifer*
to help him to 'em ; but whilst he was
wandering away the Old mans restless
labour, I perceived divers *Flatterers* and
Parasites, were buzzing stories in his Ears,
to whom he gave the greatest heed ima-
ginable, as being much delighted with the
sound of his own praise, nor did he deny
them any thing they asked, though to trill
him on, they feigned a modesty in taking
it ; now *Usury* stood close behind a Tree,
waiting for his Estate in Mortgage, as soon
as all the ready Cash was melted by the
heat of *Folly*, or *Alembeck'd* into the vola-
tile quintessence of *non est Inventus*, by
Dr. Extravagance, but whilst my thoughts
grew big with expectation of some rare
discourse. I perceived he charged into a
Tavern with a train of Spungers at his
heels, where a fresh bit of live Mutton
was ready to Wellcome him, who by her
artifices, Angled so deep in the Fish-pond
of his Estate, that she cleared it of the pre-
sent Fry, and obliged him to call *Aquan-*
tus Usury to recruit him with ready
down, when straight goes his Fist to the
Sheeps-Skins ; here I perceived he Re-
vealed it so long, that after a second Re-
ruit, he was in the hight of Jolitry ta-
ken

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ken Captive by a band of *Moabites*, and lead into the Land of *Misfortune*, where he set the Organ-pipe of his past Folly to the Tune of *Fortune my Foe*, which made me run upon him in a little discant to this effect.

*Crash't by his Folly as his fate deserv'd:
Behold too late repentance almost starv'd
A grand Destroyer, who in one years space
Consum'd the labour of his Dads whole
Race,
By which he's brought to an unpity'd case.
But evil got is mostly evil spent.
Mammon exacts again what'er he lent,
To gull the Souls that were on lucre bent.*

I would have proceeded but was disturbed by a Troop of *Deceivers* packed up in Blankets, as if they had been prohibited goods, they cackled strangely, and therefore might have been taken for wild Gees but that they were deficient in Wings and therefore altogether incapable of flight. These thought I have been in many Countries, and although they be but refuse, yet they may be capable of giving us some intelligence, but methought the Clacks going altogether, were so clamorous, that a Beavy of Oster-wench

was

was but an Ass to 'em ; wherefore I contriv'd how I might single one out to speak the whole sense of the rest : Nor was it long 'er I found the opportunity, for the remainder staggering into a *Tippling Can* as they call it, I catcht one by the Plad, which *Discovery* perceiving, gives him a full turn, and desired his better acquaintance. The Fellow stared with his Mouth at half cock, and at first seem'd wonderful my. Halo, said *Discovery*, why so agast prethee ? Turn up thy foretop and know me better, for indeed his Hair hung much in his Eyes, when stroaking back his Whiskers, he whose name was the *Deceiver* demanded our business, and at the same time holding out his fist, fell to pausing it, emblematically expressing he wanted a fee ; but *Discovery* as if he understood him not, told him, his business was to inquire after a couple of Persons that he supposed were travelling a Pilgrimage, or hid in some secret place, by reason he could no where find them.

Deceiver. Are they Coves of the Crack-mans, Cloyers of the Cackelers or queer Coves, are they Strumel Morts Rum Morts or Coves of the Bouzin-Can ?

Discovery. Hey day Friend ! What are you gotten into the Galley-mausery of Abu-ma-

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mazer. *Be intelligable or adieu to ye.*

Deceiv. Be intelligable ; ay, ay, and what is it you'd have me intelligence about ?

Disc. *Speak Friend, I mean as you may be understood.*

Dec. Ay, ay, let me see your Fift cross mine Hond with won piece of Silver, and me tell you very good Fortune.

Disc. *A Rush for your Fortune-telling, is there about with ye ; a Fortune-teller say you.*

Dec. Ay, ay, me be very good Fortune-teller, in very good deed and earnest.

Disc. *Can you Conjure Friend ?*

Dec. No, no, me no Conjure, though me am not altogether unacquainted with the Devil.

Disc. *I believe so, for you somewhat resemble him : But pray what is your business in this World ?*

Dec. Ay, ay, my business be very much measure ye, me be called the Fortune-teller, the King of the Gipzies.

Disc. *Ha, the very same I took you for. But prethee give us a little insight into your rambles, it may be worth hearing, and perhaps advantage our design. Have you found in all your progress, Honesty and Plain-dealing, the Aden we inquire after ?*

Dec.

Dec. That be a very fine question, verily you be surely mad to ask me dat, and who am the veryest cheat in Creation.

Disc. *Notwithstanding you may have heard of 'em, though they are no Company for of you.*

Dec. Ay, ay, and me have cheated 'em of great part of the little they had, many time.

Disc. *That was unkindly done, but prethee how did'st compass it?*

Dec. O very fine! For me having tried many experiences, undergon the scourge of Whilory and Huzza in the left fist, narrowly escaping the Gibbet; and being too publicly known to carry on any further design without a Vizor or the like.

Disc. *What then, pray how managed you after game?*

Dec. Why me was rambling abroad for security one day, and getting my self pretty weary when night had made the fields black, me being destitute and sad, I crept into an old Barn amongst the litter, where me sat a while pensive: But not long before me was besieged by won great Troop of Gablers, black as you see, whom at the blush me took for Queen Mab and her Fary Elves, when me leap

up, as being afraid of pinching, for me had heard to much of that before, & cry'd, Haloo Morblew Willoboo Aboo Aboo. When presently they thinking me the Devil, thro down their Pots, Pipkins, Bouzing-Cans, and all their Furniture, and betake themselves to run so fast, that the Coves stumble over the Morts and the Morts overturn the Doxies, that in the end they lay Hecelde Peckelde on a heap, and the more they strive to run the more fear doth stop their flight.

Disc. And what succeeded this disorder?

Dec. Why when me perceived what they were, me call after them, and cry me was a Man, me was no Devil.

Disc. And they returned upon this, did they not?

Dec. Ay, ay, and finding their mistake we all retire to our thatched Pallace where striking a light, me perceived the way bestrowed with the spoils of the last days gathering, as Mecelines of Mamocks and streams of strong Liquors, which made them all lament their Foolish fear.

Disc. But what ensued?

Dec. Much Friendship, and an invitation to accompany them, when I had told them of a thousand pranks I had play'd. No Man so fit (they gabled all at once) to be Superiour of order.

Disc.

Disc. *And did you take it on you?*

Dec. Yes, and to make my self more lovely in their Eyes, and seem a true Egyptian rubbed my Face and Hands with a Pomander made of Soot and Bacongrease, for the Green Husks of Walnut were not then in season, and then was I installed with great applause, and many a vain Song sung to confirm it, and young Rum Mort, or Damzel delivered me to use as I thought fit. When Morning gave a prospect to the Villages, out I sent my Troop of Forragers, who soon returned laden with provision, nay with Sheets, Shirts, Hens, Pigs, Geese, or what else came to Hand, and all that day we reveld it, and all the night we spent in soft dalliance.

Disc. *And are the Villagers kind to such a strolling Tribe?*

Dec. Ay, and deny us no provision, least with horrid mutterings we should bewitch their Cattle, or raise tempests to overturn their Barns and Houses, or with lightning flashes set them in a blaze.

Disc. *And is this in your power?*

Dec. No I think not, but a Foolish fear perswades the ignorant to such credulity. Nay more, they fondly dream what ever we participate a part of, all the rest must consequently follow.

Disc. *And is it nothing so?*

Dec. Not in the least, for whilst we doze 'em with strange things, we have our Divers, our Filers of the cly, our Tripers of the Dancers, Anglers, and the like, who rob their Houses or their Persons, which they believe to be by power of enchantation.

Disc. *And they believe all what you tell 'em I'll warrant you.*

Dec. Yes every Syllable, for if we tell but true once in a hundred Guessees, and that perhaps we gather from their own discourse, all is held as Gospel, not a Syllable is disbelieved, but if it be past they think they remember something like it, or perhaps flatter themselves 'tis true but they have forgot it.

Disc. *Very good, and this folly is predominant?*

Dec. Ay exceedingly. But to let that slip, over other wayes we have, for when we find a large credulity, then we perswade 'em they are born to exceeding Fortune, and if we find 'em rich, pretend there's Treasure hid in the House, that was by fate designed them near a hundred years since; this sets them agog and have it conjured, they will, and we must be the People, then we ask them for

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a pledg, what Jewels, Plate, or Linnen, &c. they most esteem, which we tell them is to be given in Hostage to the powers of Darknes to assist us in our discovery, and in the end they shall have that and all the Treasure.

Disc. *And this I suppose takes mainly.*

Dec. What can it do less? It tickles to the life, and flatters them with Mountains that scarcely come to Mole-hills.

Disc. *Then you deceive 'em?*

Dec. Ay what more, for when the day perfix'd is near, away we trudge with what we have, to far for them to find us, which makes 'em oft sit down by weeping cross, whilst we are laughing loud.

Disc. *And have you no peculiar Rendezvous?*

Dec. Yes, once a year we generally meet, and share our riches, equally relieve those that are scanty, and then separating we leave tokens all the way, that two Companies should not take the self-same Road, and now consider whether *Honesty* or *Plain-dealing* be of our acquaintance, though we often gull 'em.

Disc. *Then you know where they dwell.*

Dec. No Sir, I keep no Register, but find 'em for the most part loytering on the Road, or sitting over two sticks a

cross in some poor Cot or Hövel.

Disc. *And no where else?*

Dec. Not as I remember, for I hate their company, though some times it proves advantagious,

Disc. *If so Friend, we must leave you, for we are their Friends, and would not hear them evil spoken of.*

Dec. In truth Sir I shall e'ne be glad on't, for my Coves and Morts will think me long. Therefore adue.

Now in my Dream I perceived he followed his Comrades, and I was glad he left us, as being tired with his tedious Harangue: But it was not long before a Fellow meets us Laden with Globbs, and Astrolobles, Gimcracks, Mathe-matical, and divers other Baubles, and had a quaint device upon his Forehead, representing a Triangle, and in it he had writ, *The Secretary of the Stars*. This thought I must be a *Ptolome*, an *Agrippa*, or a *Ticobrahe*, but it proved none of these, but a certain Quack pretender, a more imposture then the former, yet as great as *Ignorance* will let him be, his Name's *Deluder*. This Fellow, though to the little furtherance of our design, I had a great mind to have sifted, and *Discovery* was no less zealous to be satisfied, whereupon he thus began.

Disc.

Disc. Friend, how comes it that you Travel with such a Burthen?

Deluder. To me it is light, who am the Atlas of the World, on whom the powers above have given an understanding to underprop all Sciences.

Disc. And is so great a Wisdom your's?

Del. Ay, and a greater than you yet have named.

Disc. As how, pray let me understand?

Del. A secret access, to read the dark decrees of Fate, unravel the Volumes of Futurity.

Disc. 'Tis strange that Mortal man should be indow'd with such a Talent.

Del. It is indeed, few Mortals e're could boast the like: Why man, the Stars are all at my divotion.

Disc. How the Stars! why sure you an't in earnest?

Del. That is Sir, to tell me secret things, and give enlargement to my knowledge.

Disc. Then you are the man that only can acquaint us perhaps of wonders strange and new, for I suppose few things are hidden from you, if you have such bright Acquaintance.

Del. You are in the right on't, few things indeed; all Natures, Secrets, are layed open to my view, each thing is re-

presented as it is : The Unaiverse is strip'd before my Eys, and no disguise can cover her from my impartial view.

Disc. *'Tis rare what you express, were it but true.*

Del. True, why what can be more true than what we who have her intelligence from the superiour World relate.

Disc. *You call the Celestial Intelligences by their Names I suppose ?*

Del. Yess, and am acquainted with the smallest spark that spangled the blew Arch.

Disc. *This still increases my wonder ?*

Del. Nay more things that vulgar Eys see not, I with my Tube do, nightly visit : Why Sir I make Almanacks, consider that, and then you'l think I'm wiser far then *Haly* or *Old Danus*.

Disc. *Make Almanacks, that's pritty: But pray what is't you infer from thence ?*

Del. O many things Sir, inferences without number.

Disc. *As how, let us hear a little ?*

Del. As first, Sir, my large understanding is thereby manifested to the World ; each City applauds me, and each Country Swain admires me ; there's not a Woman but takes me for a Conjuror.

Disc. *Very fine ; and you admire your self too I suppose ?*

Del.

Del. Ay, and reason good, how can I do less, that hold such lofty correspondence.

Disc. And you undertake to discover mysteries, things dark and secret.

Del. Ay marry do I, things as dark as any Dungeon.

Disc. And by the light of that knowledge you have obtained, by scraping acquaintance with the Stars, you pretended to do it.

Del. Very right, 'tis much you should hit so pat.

Disc. Then pray Sir tell me the Names of the Party's I'm searching after, and whether I shall find them or not?

Del. Are they Men or Women, Married, or Unmarried, Old or Young?

Disc. I hope you know Sir by your wonderful skill in divination.

Del. Ay, ay, I was weak to ask such a question, but I must erect a Scheem first; as thus, So now Sir, these that you take to be only cringle, crongles, are houses, and Caelestial ones to I'le assure you, and are known by the Sign of the Ram, Bull, and many the like pritty devices; but to let that pass, well the Names of the Partys I must tell you, and whether you must find them or not, and all this for a Shilling, 'tis as cheap as Neck Beef. But stay now I think on't, I han't my fee yet.

Disc. That you shall have Sir, if your performance answer our expectation.

Del. Well, well, let me see, *Jupiter* is combust in *Aires*, and *Venus* is rampant in *Taurus* two horned signs, well, and *Mercury* is gotten into *Gemenine* and threatens a Rape upon *Virgo*; from all which I gather that the Partys Names are *Dorothy* and *Mary*, but as for finding of them at present, I think it will be no ways convenient, least you become wittals, for from the two horned Signs, I devine they are just about this time in *Gemeni*, a sporting with their Gallants.

Disc. Ha, ha, ha,-----Ha, ha, ha.

Del. How do you Laugh Gentlemen? Nay, nay, 'tis no Laughing matter, for I can assure you, you'i be Cuckolds within this half hour. Ay, ay, the Stars make it out as plain as the Nose in your Face.

Disc. How Cuckolds and never Married, well that's very pritty I must confess.

Del. Pith, not Married, alas! then the Stars have misinformed me, for by them I gathered, you were in search of your Wives; but I must confess it is a bad day to resolve questions in, because it Rained in the Morning, which denotes the Stars to be sullen and self-will'd.

Disc. It rather Sir denotes your ignorance,

ance, who pretend to things above your reach, deluding silly People with false stories, and if you hit upon a Truth it is by guess, or else you gather it from their own discourse, and tell it them again in other words, to the same effect; and to let you further understand your Error, 'tis Honesty and Plain-dealing we are in search for.

Del. Say you so: Well, well, I could have told you if I had cast but another Scheem.

Disc. And can you tell us where to find them, now you know their Names?

Del. What kind of Cloaths do they ware, have they Beards, or are they close shaven.

Disc. If you know nothing of that, how can you inform us where to find them?

Del. Well Sir, I find by my Scheem, if they are not in the North or the South, you may chance to find them in the West or the East, either above, or under the ground; and this is all I can tell you at present, for you see Sir, it's a Cloudy day, which much impairs my understanding, but if you'll call again to morrow---

Disc. No Friend, we shall not give ourselves the trouble, we have found you to be a very understanding Coxcomb in your own conceit, and so we take our leaves.

Del.

Del. Well, well, do as you please, and I'll do as I think fit, for I'll warrant you, I shall pass for an Astrologer for all this, and make Almanacks in spite of *Honesty* and *Plain-dealings* Teeth.

Now in my Dream I beheld he went gazing upwards, till he fell into the Quagmire of his own folly, and there became the Laughing-stock to the whole Town, which put me upon the merry Pin of dis-canting after this manner.

*Impostors swarm Pretenders to Arts Rules,
Who build their Nest upon believing Fools,
And pass with Ignorance for men of sense,
Their stock's Delusion, mixt with impudence.*

By this time we were boarded by an Animal of a large size, whom at first I took for a Mountebanck, but afterward found him to be a pretended repairer of Natures decays, or a cementer of Casual-rys and disorders, called by some, The *Tormentor*. Of whom *Discovery* proceeded to make inquiry, but I had no sooner named *Honesty* and *Plain-dealing*, but the man started as if a Snake had bit him by the Toe, and exprest himself, as if he had taken us for Mad men, to make such an inquiry; yet *Discovery* proceeded to man-
age

age him in the following Dialect.

Disc. Be not offended Sir at such an inquiry.

Tormento. I think Friend it is a very simple question to put to one of my Profession. I would have you to know that I am altogether a stranger to those you mentioned, and would not be otherways for the Queen of Sheba's present.

Disc. More's the pity.

Tormento. Pitty, no, no, pitty me no pitties, I know not what belongs to that neither, for if I was conversant with any of em, it would spoil my Trade, I could not keep People upon the rack for my advantage, and make a half years cure of a cut Finger, which if I was minded I could perfect in two days. Nay, sometimes by incision and impoysoning I render it incurable but by Death.

Disc. That's very unconscionable. I'll tell you that.

Torm. Ay, ay, no matter so it turns to my Advantage. Unconscionable quotha, why you don't imagine that men who trade in Blood and Wounds, and get their livelihood by the misery and affliction of the People, have any Conscienc do you?

Disc. They ought to have more then others.

Torm. No they ought not, I'll tell you that,

that, for if they had, they could not have the heart to manage the Rich, and kill the Poor for Experience sake.

Disc. O Intolerable ! is the World bewitch'd so to be used, and pay for such disasters ?

Torm. Ay, and fortifie themselves with mighty patience, whilst we flash, burn, and saw them at a rate you'd wonder, cutting them in pieces whilst they live, and Burying one part Forty years some times before the other follows to the Grave, in this case still the Rich fare worse, for them we keep upon the Tenures long, considering the old Proverb, that something has some savour, but the Poor, where little's to be had, is either rejected, or quickly Cured by us on Death.

Disc. If so, our farther inquiry may be spared.

Torm. Yes, yes, as to my particular it may, and now I think on't, I can stay no longer, but must hast to get a Thorn out of a Ladies Finger, gotten by too hasty gathering of Roses, which I intend to make a Fortnights Cure at least: Ten Guinys worth of business, but i'll be about it, least another intercept me.

This said, methought he left us, and
wa

was not grieved at his departure, yet pittied those that should come to his handling; yet scarce had time to Breath, when a company of Makebates came josteling each other, ever cavelling and quarrelling at trifles, spreading false rumours, jealousies, and fears, deviding Families, and setting Neighbours against Neighbours; and these I perceived had Tongues as black as Hell, being all the offspring of *Discord*, begotten on his dear beloved Spouse Dame *Envy*; wherefore finding them to be a pestilential Tribe, we past them, and suffered patiently their Ralery, as being below our anger or our notice.

This rout thus shun'd, we fell upon *Detraction*, a megar Fellow, who just turned the corner of *Ingratitude Street*, and with him *Discovery* would needs be Arguing.

Disc. You look friend as if you were in heaviness, pray what afflicts you?

Detraction. Nothing Sir, but that I am a little concerned that such and such men should pretend to Sence and Learning, when they have no more then a Horse.

Disc. Then most men are mistaken, that repute them men of Wit and Understanding.

Det. Ay, ay, let me tell you, they are mistaken.

mistaken, for in my opinion, who should know; they have no more Sence then a Corn-cutter.

Disc. *It looks too much like malice, to say so.*

Det. Not at all Sir, and there's another, such a one, you know who I mean, a pretender to Musick, and Limning, and many other Arts and Sciences, the mearest Coxcomb pretender that ever was, a very Ass at fancy and design.

Disc. *And yet he's held to be the best our Age can boast of.*

Det. No, no, hang him, he's a meer duncie, a booby, one that has nothing in him.

Disc. *Pray Sir who are you that would spot those Names that shine bright in the sphere of Fame, and are inrolled in Capitals of Gold.*

Det. Who am I Sir? why my Name's Detraction Sir.

Disc. Detraction, black Detraction, the Eldest Son of Malice. Nay then it is no wonder if you Envy them, the honour their deserts have merited, since your Tongues more poisonous to virtue, and well deserving deeds, than *Acconite*.

Det. Beware Sir what you say, surely you ought to use me better.

Disc.

Disc. No, but rather worse, thou Mortal foe to all good, thou Stain of Reputation, and conceited piece of Ignorance, who fain would be thought some thing, by lessening the fame of others; when indeed your spight is heavy wing'd, and cannot reach them, all Sciences are strange to your dwelling, Reason scarcely ever harboured there; and will you undertake to judge of those whom others hold the most Acelebrate. Honesty and Plain-dealing would fare no better at your hands, though Clad in all their native Innocence.

Det. It may be so, but you are something rough methinks, more then becomes you.

Disc. O never too much with such a one as you, who are the very Canker of the Age, a thing that all good men hate, a thing that fools will scarcely listen to.

Det. You might be softer in your Expressions one would think.

Disc. In this case I never can, but 'tis time lost to argue further with the Bane of Goodness and Humane Society, and therefore I trudge on.

Now I dreamed that his inward rage blacked his Face like the Egyptian darkness, but his spleen being suppressed at that time, on he passed to the Region of
 infat-

Infamy, where I perceived he had a mansion; but we were hardly shut of him, e're *Disorder* eyed us at a distance, having two Tongues as sharp as Swords, which are continually imployed in spreading the venom of *Mischief*, and disturbing peace, raising discontents and fears, setting unsettled Brains a madding, and unhindging the quiet of Humane Life; therefore we thought not fit to meddle with such a pestilence, but to get rid on it. We crossed the way into *Pretenders Street*, and there methoughts we met a Fellow very demure, his Eyes still fixd upon the ground, whilst care was deep Ingraven on his Face. This is *Humility* thought I, and was about to salute him by that Name, but *Discovery* told me it was only a *Pretender*, whom I should hear my self to be better satisfied.

Disc. Friend, how goes preferment in the World? how is *Honesty* put to sale?

Pretention. Verily I know not, I am of a lowly mind, and never concern my self with those affairs.

Disc. Why is not this *Pretenders Street*, have you no Mansion here?

Pret. You have spoke right to both, but I came out of *Veritie Lane* when I came hither.

Disc.

by Candle-light.

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Disc. It may be so, because you had no Credit there.

Pret. *Credit Sir! what mean you by it? I fear he knows me.*

Disc. You could not pretend to preferences, never to be reached amongst the humbler Fry, and tell of Estates lost, that was never in the possession of you nor your Ancesters, boasting of Honesty, Loyalty, and Uprightness, which you never practised.

Pret. *Hey day, and what do you infer from all this?*

Disc. Why that you are a meer bubble, a troublesome sound, the Romantick part of Mortality, and no more.

Pret. *'Tis uncivil Ple tell you, to use a stranger thus.*

Disc. No stranger i'll assure you, for I have known you a troubler of Humane Society these many years, with fictitious stories, fond imaginations, Chimacras, and fancies that were not, nor never will be.

Pret. *I suppose Sir you are mistaken in the Person; for although some call me the Pretender, yet Truth was my Mother, and Honesty Begot me.*

Disc. And where was you Born, remember you the place of your Nativity?

Pret.

Pret. *I was Born upon the Mount of Uprightness, in the Land of Plain-dealing.*

Disc. And this amongst the rest you pretend to.

Pret. *Ay, what less: and I am confident you are of the same Opinion, though you are minded in rallery to try my patience, which I have an invinsible Brigade.*

Disc. Very good, but to come a little nearer to the purpose; The Land of Plain-dealing you say: pray what quarter of the Earth is it in, what manner of Country is it?

Pret. *Why then it seems you question the truth of what I have told you?*

Disc. Perhaps not, yet would willingly be satisfied in this particular.

Pret. *Well, 'tis a very bad thing to be confident. This I have pretended to a Thousand who never so much as scrupled it.*

Disc. Then you only pretended it, and no more.

Pret. *Perhaps I may not be willing to satisfy you in that point.*

Disc. You may spare your labour then and I shall take it for granted.

Pret. *It won't much afflict me for refusing to satisfy you.*

Disc. Then you are only a pretender, you express your self to be no more to you

ur Parents, especially those you nam-
; but on my Conscience they ne-
owned you.

Pret. You know not whether they did, or
whether they did not, nor matters it whether
do or no.

Disc. O! but it does, for it's one of
em we are in search of, and stand great-
in need of directions to find out.

Pret. And what's your business with him
?

Disc. We have some Letters of recom-
endation to him from his friends, there
an Estate assigned him.

Pret. An Estate, say you so; this is it I
lookd for. Why I am his Son and Heir,
ten thousand to one whether you'l find him
not; and therefore you had as good com-
municate the matter to me, and come in for a
share your self, for he's such an easie man, a
so soon perswaded to any thing, that
ould he possess it, he'd be Rooked out of it
Knavery and Deceit, before it would
come to my Fingering.

Disc. Very good, but we must perform
at we have undertaken, if possible.

Pret. I think it will be altogether impossi-
ble to find him, for now I recollect my self, I
sweve he is dead, for I han't had a Letter
from him this twenty Tears; therefore you'd
do

do well to take my advice. As for bearing you harmless, if you fear any danger in the case, my Brother Self-will and my own Brother shall be your Counter Security.

Disc. Well, but how shall I be satisfied that *Honesty* was your Father, and *Truth* your Mother.

Pret. Why Sir you may believe me, as many has done before you.

Disc. And must I rest upon that : how if I can't believe you ?

Pret. Come, come, let me whisper you in the Ear : You shall go half snacks with me in the business, that I hope will please you ?

Disc. But what if such a thing should be discovered, for she in whose hands it is, is wonderful discerning.

Pret. Come, come, Mr. Forgery's Neighbour, and he shall make a Will, exactly counterfeiting the plain stile and hand of *Honesty*, and I'll get *Perjury* to swear to his lawful begotten Son, and then who can hinder me on't ?

Disc. Ha, this is very fine ; but let me tell you Sir, it's a great way off, and it will cost you a world of pains ere you can arrive where it is.

Pret. Pish, for an Estate, who would take pains ?

Disc. But it's in a Country perhaps you know not the way to.

Pret. *It may be so, but can't I inquire?*

Disc. There are very few People upon that Road that know the right way, though many are Travelling theitherward to take possession of Inheritance; most of which lose themselves in the Wilderness through which they pass, and never arrive at the place they imagine to reach.

Pret. *Why are there a great many possessions vacant? if so, I had best make hast, perhaps a couple may fall to my share, for want of whom to Occupie them.*

Disc. You must first have directions about the way, written upon the Table of your Heart.

Pret. *How, upon my Heart: Why how can I come at them to read them then?*

Disc. Why with the Eys of your Understanding.

Pret. *The Eys of my Understanding say you: why I thought I had had but two Eys in all. But tell me, for I am almost mad to know in what Country it is, that I may lose no time, but be setting forward as fast as I can.*

Disc. You must first provide your self with the Wings of Faith.

Pret. *How Wings! why must I fly then?*

Disc. O yess, an immesurable hight.

Pret.

Pret. *Why then perhaps I may chance to break my Neck, or tumble into the Sea, and be drown'd, as fared the Son of Dedalus.*

Disc. *You must likewise put on you the Garments of Charity.*

Pret. *How, the Garments of Charity; why she has gone Naked this many a day: and how then should I come by her Garments, pray tell me that?*

Disc. *And must be armed with the Spirit of Prayer, and the Shield of Stedfast, Belief to oppose the Enemies you will meet with in the way.*

Pret. *Ha, you begin to make me afraid: But I beseech you be not so tedious in coming to a Conclussion.*

Disc. *These and many more things must furnish you out for such a Journey: But to be brief, as for the Estate or possession, It is called the reward of Virtue, lying in the Celestial City, and reserved by Wisdom for those that love Honesty and Uprightness.*

Disc. *I thought it was some such business, that made you make all this ado about it. Well, well, if it be in the Celestial City (for I have heard of such a place) you may Travel on, and find out Honesty if you can; for now I think on't, it would be unnatural to bereave him of what's his due, if he be alive.*
though

though I am something doubtful; besides I am not at Leisure to take such a Journey yet a while. If it had been in the City, match might have been.

Disc. Then you are not the Son of Honesty, but a meer Pretender, the same I took you for at first?

Pret. It may be so: But seeing there is nothing to be got by you, I shall make no further pretensions to your Company, but keep on my way to Vanity Fair.

Now I Dreamed that I saw him enter, a great Mist arising from the Lake of Self-deceiving, where we left him at the Gate of Error, and kept on our way, till we came into the Discontented quarter. And what should first salute our Ears, but the Sighs and Murmours of a Beautious Lady in a careless and neglected dress, who in my Dream I beheld to be in the greatest Agonie imaginable, complaining of her hard fortune, which I soon understood to be occasioned by her being matched contrary to her Inclynation, to Age and Gray Haires. O! said she, that ever I was born to be so much unhappy, thus in the prime of all my Youth and Beauty to be violently cast into the Arms of Age, to have the Roses and the Lillys scarcely blown in the Spring-tide of my Age, sul-

lyed with the blast of Winter, with a Breath to me more nauseous, than the pestilential damp that rises from the Eternian Lake, to have a withered Lump, an Emblem of Death, cold in the midst of *June*, as sharp *December* Frost, Grasp me in his Icy Arms, and with a thousand foolings, urge me into madness; whilst I fancy to my self the honest and happy Nuptial joys of others, less Beautiful, and less deserving than my self; to think how they with Vigorous Lovers, who meet their Egar joys with equal Ardor, sweetly twine like grasping Ivie, and amidst a thousand Transports that possess the Ravished Soul, Breath out sweet Murmurs, whilst their Sences are in Extasies; and then with soon revived flame, after a panting space and happy Gaze, a second time melt in each others Arms, and try the utmost pleasure Chast Loves Elezium can afford, whilst Rosie blushes spread their Cheeks, and Hummied firedarts from their sparkling modest Eyas. O! wretched Maid that I am, how can I think upon such happineses, and not conclude my self unfortunate, *Cruel Parents!* that you are to rob me of the Family Bliss your selves enjoyed, by Ingrafting me into a withered Tree, a living Store-house of infirmities.

ties, full of Rhumatisms, Dropsie, Gout, feallse Coughs, and everlasting Catarrhs, so he breaks my rest, and disappoints me of my joys. O that I had been Wedded to my Grave, when base polluting Gold tainted the Souls of my Indulgent Parents, to give their Darling up a Sacrifice to Avarice. But let me stand a Sea mark to all Virgins, warning them to shun the Rock on which the blooming Gayness of my Youth is Shipwrackt, on which my joys are split, those joys which many a sober Youth sighed for, sought, and as his life desired.

Now I beheld in my Dream, that after this stream of discontent had flowed in Words and Tears, she fell again to Sighing, and wrung her hands, in which Melancholy posture, she passed into *Procurers Street*, where meeting with a Grave Matron, who went amongst her Neighbours for a sober Woman, though indeed her Imploy was to satisfy young Ladies modest Longings, and help Brisk Gallants to a piece of Soul-ruening Recreation at a dead list. This Madam, the *Precurator*, for so is her Name, soon hushed my Young Mistresses lamentation, and invegled her to the Palace of

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ties.

Dishonest Love, where she had prepared a Collation of delight, which proved so much to her satisfaction, that I afterwards understood, when ever she had occasion for *Love-poster*, she gave her Dotard the slip, and came heither on Pilgrimage. The consideration of which made me discant a little to the following Tune.

*You Parents in whom Age has quenth'd the
fire*

*Of Youthful thoughts, and Eagar joys de-
sire,*

*Consider not what Tyranny you use
Toward those you Love, when Age for Youth
you chuse :*

*Forceing poor Ladys upon Impotence,
Who look for joys, that n'er can flow
from thence,*

*Which makes 'em stray, but who's is the
offence ?*

*'Tis you's, who damn your Children for a
sum,*

And sink the Dotard into Cuckolddom.

*As Love is free, so shou'd the Choice be
still,*

No Cruelty's like forceing a free will.

I would have proceeded, but was interrupted by a Fellow, who met us with a
fire.

fire in his mouth, Vomitting smoak like Mount *Erna*. I took him at first to be one of those Juglers, that by false devices gull the Simple of their Coine; but soon after I found him to be a dealer in *Indian Weed*, and the pernicious Liquor, invented for destruction of Humane kind, and therefore would have passed him; but *Discovery* knowing him to be *Villany*, alyed to *Knavery*, he would not be so satisfied, but bearing up, cry'd,

Disc. *Halo, Friend, what's the reason you march up and down poisoning the Aire at this rate with your Fogo, are you preparing your self against you come to Plutos Mansion?*

Villany. No Sir you are mistaken, this smoak serves instead of Brimstone and wet Hay, to keep out the Swarms of Caterpillers.

Disc. Then you should apply it amongst the Catchpoles, here's no need of it in this place.

Vill. They have so well fortified themselves by a continual usage, that, although I must confess they are of the largest sort of Catterpillers, that they take it in like a Bribe; for letting a Prisoner slip through their Clutches, and winking at his escarpe, that they may be pay'd for a second Attaque.

Disc. *But to wave this way of fooling pre-
thee Friend can you tell me where a man may
find Honesty and Plain-dealing?*

Vill. *Are they Men or Women?*

Disc. *No matter which if you know them:
do you know them? if not say so, and there's
an end on't.*

Vill. *Why you are mighty hasty Sir, let
me consider a little: Honesty and Plain-deal-
ing! Well I can but wonder who these
should be, I remember there were a cou-
ple of Fellows as plain as a Pike staff at
my shop this morning, ten to one but they
might be the same you inquire for, though I
believe they'l hardly come again, for
whilst I stept down stairs to serve them a
trick, by putting a Cooler into their Li-
quor, they shew'd me a trick for my Ta-
ster, I would I could catch them:*

Disc. *These were not they Friend I'll
assure you, for they wrong no man.*

Vill. *Then be satisfied I have no know-
ledge of them, nor do I desire it.*

Disc. *That's strange: Why Friend, are
you not of the Opinion that such good men are
not worthy your Acquaintance.*

Vill. *No indeed, for then I could not
put a pint of Element into each Gallon of
Tickle ye to death, not cut Stalks, and beat-
ing them flat in a Mortar, sell them for*
Cur-

Curranfume to the ignorant Bumkins, to blacken their Throats like a Chimney. No nor drink a Man dead, and then dive into the ftorage of his Breeches, and fo forth. But I fhall make too large a difcovery to the perjudice of my bufinefs, if I fhould proceed, and therefore I beg your pardon Sir.

Disc. *Then you know not the men we inquire for, you are not acquainted with them?*

Vill. Your understanding, after fuch a relation, might inform you they are none of my Acquaintance, though I have heard of them as well as my Neighbours. But if you will go to my fhop Sir-----

Disc. *No-by no means, 'tis a dangerous place I perceive, and therefore you may be moving, our bufinefs lyes this way.*

Vill. Ay, ay, I think you are not worth my ftay, I fhant have a Customer on you, and fo I leave you as not for my Turn.

Now in my Dream I found my felf quite tired with this Theam of Villany, but could fcarcely-fetch Breath, but we heard an out-cry of *Stop him, Stop him,* and many threats of Revenge. Now I imagined it might be a parcel of People in perfuit of fome Pick-pocket or Shop-

lister. But casting up my Eys, I perceived my self in *Cuckolds-Rom*, but could not take a serious view of the many various devices that were every where Portrayed, but a fat Fellow with a Fire-fork in his hand, came running towards us, puffing and blowing like a *Porpus*, *Jelozie* and *Revenge* were rampant in his Face, when, without giving us a word, he struck at us with main force. But *Discovery* advancing his light, the man whose Name was *Jelozie* recoiled, but soon recovering, he thus began.

Jelozie. Villain, Rogue, or what other Name shall I give you: have I found you out at last. O Sir, I thought I should catch you, and now i'll be revenged for all the dishonour you have put upon me. Ha find Youth. Ha, do you grin, have at you then. No, no, Heathen, I shan't fear the Singing of my Beard this bout.

Now by this discourse, I perceived in my Dream that he had catched the Gallant upon the high Ropes, yet nor daring to venture on him unarmed, whilst he went to provide himself with a Weapon, he had given him the slip, and that by an unlucky mistake, he took *Discovery* to be the man, who as the dreadful blow was coming from the hand of *Cornutus*, again inter-

interposed his Taper, which drove him to a distance, and then began to reason with him.

Disc. Friend why are you thus enraged, what have I done, thus to incur your anger?

Fel. Dare you ask me, you Spawn of a Spider, know you not well enough you have wronged me sufficiently, for which I'll thus be revenged.

Disc. Hold, Hold, Friend, and let us parly a little, I know not in what I have offended, therefore pray make me sensible of it.

Fel. Yes, Yes, Sirrah, I'll make you sensible of it I'll warrant you; I'll batter your Coxcomb for you in return of your kindness, in making me wear Antlers, I will, I will, you Varlet you.

Disc. Certainly friend you are Mad or Drunk, and know not what you say; why there's no body has injured you.

Fel. Have they not, you insupportable Rakeshame! But by this you shall know you have. Ha, you are mighty nimble; well I shall hit you a man by and by, 'tis twenty to one else.

Disc. But won't you hear Reason?

Fel. No marry won't I: Uddid Sirrah, reason me no reason, nothing but brain-ing you will serve my turn.

Disc. But for what pray, what is the meaning of all this bluster? F 5 Fel.

130 *the Viper and the*
Jel. O! thou Viper, can'st thou ask
me: did not I catch you on Cockhorse,
was you not. (Ogrant me patience) mount-
ed in my Saddle, Ploughing with my Hef-
fer, and dare you, have you so impudent
a Face as to reason the cause of this migh-
ty indignation, that like a Torrent shall
overflow you, and wash you into the Red
Sea of destruction.

Disc. You are mistaken Friend, your Rage
has blinded you, I am not Conciours of the
injury you charge me with.

Jel. Ay, ay, so you have protested
many a time, which was confirmed by my
dissembling Wife, till I believed a couple
of Sinners before my own Eys; but i'll
do so no more I thank you. O! Rage,
Rage, keep up I say, least I should grow
Tame, and lose my Revenge.

Disc. Friend your Revenge is misapply'd,
I never saw you till this hour.

Jel. How, till this hour! let me see a
little; No verily I am mistaken, you are
not the man, I beg your pardon sweet
scented Sir.

Disc. See how Rage makes men mistake,
by captivating their Sences.

Jel. Ay, ay, 'tis very true, for I might
have been guilty of a mischief, I should
have been sorry for; but I can stay no
longer.

longer to parly, least my anger cool before I find the Rascal that offered me the injury, and of a Lyon, I become a Mutton.

Now I perceived in my Dream he began again to stretch his Legs, till being persue and overtaken by his dear Doxie, she with feigned Sighs, forced Tears, and soft intreats, prevailed with him to think himself mistaken, and brought back this Man of indignation to his House in peace, where with deluding Kisses, she attound for her Gallant, and all partys were restored to the like freedom as before, which put me on this merry pint.

What madding Fools, does Jelozy make men?

*Who must in spite of all be Tame again,
And prove a Lyon Couchant in their Den.*

Leaving this place, we passed into a wide Street, call'd *Theiving Ramble*, where we met a sharp-fighted Fellow, with abundance of Implements about him, which expressed him a Practitioner of standing, in the many slights and quaint devices of Living upon other mens Labour. This piece of deceit known by the Name of the *Diver*. Discovery would needs have a little

he discourse with, for who knows says he, but a man may Edefic even by a Lecture of Wickedness, so as to avoid the Snare when layed for himself, and thereupon he advanced to meet him. When in my Dream I perceived the Dialogue begin in the following manner.

Disc. *Arrethee Fellow what's the reason you are so shie, why shun you us at this rate?*

Diver. Sir I am not used to mind every body I meet, unless I have a private reason for it.

Disc. *Yet methinks you might not sneak as if you feared us, we are not so dreadful.*

Div. No not unless you had had a painted Staff, or a Coat with a Yellow Lining.

Disc. *And suppose I had both, what then?*

Div. Why then Sir I would have shew'd you a fair pair of Heels for your diversion.

Disc. *Would you so: why then it seems Authority is dreadful to you. Pray what may your business be in the World?*

Div. Sir I am of a Trade, or as some will have it, a Craft or Faculty, that divides it self into many Branches.

Disc. *As how, I suppose you are your Crafts Master, and can inform me.*

Div. Ay if I list I can, though if I should

should, it would prove but little to your advantage.

Disc. *Howsoever you may do a kindness in giving the satisfaction demanded, and lose nothing by it.*

Div. It may be so, but whilst i'm discouraging you, I may fortune to give you a lift for your Cargo, by insensibly diving into your Stoage.

Disc. *Speak plain friend, that I may the better understand you.*

Div. Ay, ay, i'll be plain with you because I think you won't discover me, which if I did, but to wave that: Well Sir, if I must be plain, my principal Profession, is the Acelibrated-Mystery of Diveing.

Disc. *Diveing, for what?*

Div. O! for pretiousthings, the Indians have ten times the Labour for less.

Disc. *In what manner Dive you, as Plundging into the Water, or so?*

Div. No Sir, but in the Stoage of gazing Mortals, who are careless in watching their Cargo.

Disc. *Now I understand you, you are a Pocket Diver, &c.*

Div. Right Sir right, and therefore 'tis best for you to look out sharp.

Disc. *I had need, when I am in such Company.*

Company. But really I have been a long time desirous to know by what insensible slight you so cleverly Gull People.

Div. Perhaps I may rectifie your Sences in that matter, a matter never Atchived without much labour and industry; and thus I begin to apply it to your understanding.

In this case, when Pupils come to be Educated, drawn away from their Parents or Masters by some of our Superiours, as desirous of an easie, though Profligate life; there is a School as we term it, for their infant instructions, where a Tutor, very expert in the business, attends on certain days to read them Lectures, for the propagation of this so much practiced Science, when being a little perfected at the Theorick, he brings them to the Practick, for hanging a pair of Breeches upon a Line fastned cross the Room, a little Bell is lightly placed by the Pocket, and the young Fry commanded to take what they find in the Latter, without so much as Tinkling the Former, which if they do successfully, they have applause, and a small piece for encouragement; but if they prove Auckward, then the strapado as a Memento, for the future, falls to their share: But after ma-

ny essays, being perfect at this, they'l
give any person the insensible bite, let
them be never so carefull, unless like the
Mayor of *Queen-borough*, they keep their
hands in their Pockets, yet if so, they
have an Art to remove them, by blow-
ing Tobacco dust into their Eys, instead
of pretending to snuff it themselves; or
sprinkling with a little small Brush a little
scattering of Aquafortis upon that part
of your Hand or Wrist that appears
bare, if any do, and for defect of that,
upon your Neck or Face, nay sometimes
in your Shoos, or as opportunity gives
occasion; which burning or smarting,
puts the party into a suddain confusion,
till they have done their business, and
seldom it is, but we go two together, by
the Name of *Budg* and *File*, which latter
is the same with the *Diver*, who's pro-
perly called the *Filer* of the *Cly*; and
then the *Budg* by jostling or some other
affront, creates a Quarrel, gathers a
Croud, and oft is beaten to some purpose,
to give his Comrade opportunity to *Dive*
or nip the Bung; which latter is to cut the
Coat, as commonly in women, when an
upper Garment obstructs the ready pas-
sage; nay having set a prize, whose
Stoage by the gentle jostle's, understood
the

the *Budg* passes on, and at a convenient place drops Farthings, or some single pieces, and carefully begins to gather them just as the prize bears up, who strait crys halves, or at least stands gauping till the *File* has opportunity to do his business and File off; nay in a narrow place, but especially in the dark, the *Budg* will tumble down before you, and with miserable crys implore your Aide, protesting he has broke a Leg or Arm, and whilst you in compassion give him your assistance towards rearing him an end, himself will give you the sham for all your Guilt, and then his Leg or Arm's as sound as any Roach, for strait away he trudges to the next Coverture. These and a Catalogue of such like slights and dexterities the Divers use.

Disc. But are they not often Intercepted in the course of such deceiving?

Div. Ay, and often lay'd up in the *Whir*, a place call'd the *Stone Dobler* vulgarly; but we have as many shapes as *Proteous*, to prevent our being known again, suiting our Habit to the place and business; sometimes we go like Country Farmers, sometimes like Plough-men, then like Faulconer or Forrester, again like Modish Sparks, some times demure as

Quak-

Quakers, and again like down right Citizens, but all will be too long to tell. And now I think on't, I must to the Thief-catcher, from whom I have my Licence, and pay my Monthly Contribution, least he intercept me in my Ramble.

Now in my Dream I perceived he gave the nimble Trip to the next Road, call'd the way of *Distance*, where being hotly persued, he was run down in the *Fastnesses* of *Stony-stay-him-there*, and thence taken, sometime after was put Aboard an Upland Frigget, which wanting a Rudder, drove violently upon the Rock call'd *Triple-Tree*, and Shipwrecked all his Fortunes at a cast, which put me into a Rhyming Humour, as you'l Read.

*The ways of Sin are ever dangerous found,
For Wickedness ne'r stands upon firm
Ground;*

*Although the Sinners way at first seems
sweet,
Yet Death and danger in the end he'l meet.*

Thus far having Ransacked many streets in vain, methought we came into a large square place, stored with swift Footed Animals, exposed to Sail where men of every Shire assembled, to expose

or purchase, here thought I, we may be satisfied how matters go in every part. But *Discovery* perceiving I was big with such imaginations, singles me out a man that should as to the present business give me the sence of the rest; and who should this be, but *Mounſier le Jockey*, a big set Fellow, with Cheeks bloated and stretched with Oaths, much like an Northern Bagpiper; but I had not time to observe his other Excellencies, e're *Discovery* thus began.

Disc. Friend you Travel much. I know from Town to Town, haunting each Faire, and wake, each Horse-race and all Inns of note. Pray have you heard of late where Honesty and Plain-dealing have taken up their quarters?

Jockey. No not a word on't, for you must know, few places I frequent, will entertain them.

Disc. But perhaps you might find them Travelling on the Road or so?

Jock. Not as I remember, or if I did, I took no notice on them, they dealing not as I suppose in Horse-flesh, and I don't take notice of People upon the Road, unless I have business with them.

Disc. Then you have no business with those I mention?

Jocky

Jock. Not in the least, none of our Profession ever had.

Disc. *That's strange: But pray will you give a body an insight into this business, that has nothing to do with Honesty and Plain-dealing?*

Jock. If I thought you had any dealing with them, i'd deny you your request for their sakes.

Disc. *Well, waving that, I hope you'll be compliant, it may much advantage us.*

Jock. Ay, ay, it may so, therefore give attention.

Disc. *I shall, and think my self Obliged for the Narration.*

Jock. It may perhaps be longer then my business may permit.

Disc. *Therefore be as concise as you can.*

Jock. I shall. As first, he that pretends to a *Jockey ship*, must be well stocked with Impudence, and Oaths, or he can never arrive at the hight of that business. He must in the next place be furnished with false Mains, false Tales, false Ears, and false Eys, if such be required to Beautifie an old defective or diseased Horse, or to disguise one that is stolen, or has been often blown upon; he must likewise be skilled at making Artificial Snips stars and Blases, for the reason before said;

said; he must have Saddles with Sharp-wires in them, which as he presses forward, passing through divers holes for that purpose, may prick the Horse, and make him dance or caper, as if it proceeded from his mettlesome Temper. Then must he be dexterous at Logging a Foundered Horse with Lead, and by flitting the flank and pits of the Eyes, blow them up with a Quill as Butchers do Veal, to hide the defects of Age or bad keeping; he must likewise use to buffet a Blind Horse, whose blindness is not presently discernable; as likewise to blow Ginger and Pepper into his Eys, that when he comes to swear him sure Sighted, he may with the least wind of his hand, hat, or noise of his switch, vantage and toss up his Head, as if he was as sharp sighted as *Argus*. He must have Balls of Dough, Eggs, Malmsey and Lickerish together, with Oats boyled in new Wort, to make a Horse that is doomed to the Dogs, appear Fat on a suddain, though it being but spongy, will lose faster then it is gotten, which makes many foolishly imagine such Horses to be bewitched, when it is only the Knavery of the *Jockey*. He must likewise have the art of pricking a dull Horse in the Spurring place, and rub bea-

ten

ten Glafs into the Holes, to make the Horses winch upon the least touch, that it may be thought to proceed from his mettlesome Temper. He must have the art of taking up the Fetlock vein with a Needle and a piece of Silk, so to Lame his Neighbours Horse, that the cure being dispaired of, he may purchase him at an easie rate; as likewise to have a large stone ready to thrust into the Fundament of any Horse he likes, to make him seem by the trimbling and sweating posture it will put him into, that he is just a dying; nor can the Farrier in this cause tell what to do to him, unless he knew the cause of his Grief. These and a thousand other Dexterities calculated according to the *Meridian of Knavery*, are Ingredients that must goe to the making of a perfect Jockey; but for this time let this suffice, because I see a Chapman striking my Voucher luck, i must be gone and manage him, least he fly off, and recant his bargain. Therefore if you seek for *Honesty* and *Plail-dealing* Friend, you must inquire some where else, for here's no room for them in these parts.

Now I perceived in my Dream, that at the recital of so much Knavery, *Discovery* shook his head, and made no answer, but left

left this place as despairing to be further-
ed in his search, in the very Tents of
Wickedness, and so we passed into *Mer-
cylefs street*, where we met a Fellow with
sharp Teeth, and long Paws, Monkey
Eyed, and Hawk Nosed, with the spoils
of a Crab-Tree in his Hand, and this I
understood to be a *Catch-pole*, the very
Catterpillar of the Nation; and although
we knew we should not better our selves
by his communication, yet perceiving mis-
chief in his Face, methought we were
somewhat desirous of discoursing him, if
but to divert him from evil purposes; and
therefore *Discovery* put the usual Questi-
on, when at the name of *Honesty* and
Plain-dealing, he gave a Leap, which
canted him quite cross the way, crying
out, *I desie ye, I desie ye*. Which at first
made me imagine he took us for fallen
Angels, but after many intreats, we
brought him to a little more moderation
when I fancied in my Dream, that thus
the talk went on.

Disc. Friend, are you acquainted in these
parts?

Catch-pole. Ay, I think I am: But what
of that pray?

Disc. Do you know the men I ask'd you for,
pray tell me if you do.

Catch-pole

Catch-p. Pray Sir what e're you are, forbear to ask me such a Question, for I vow I take it as no small affront.

Disc. *Affront ! as how : Pray what is offered, that may reasonably give offence ?*

Catch-p. Those you have named, call to mind past actions.

Disc. Do you remember them ? then have you had formerly any acquaintance with them ?

Catch-p. Yes I remember them, and put my hand to that, that ruin'd them.

Disc. How are they Ruin'd then ? why sure it cannot be : But if it be so, pray tell us by what means it was effected ?

Catch-p. Friend, though I hate to hear their Names, yet something i'll declare to give you an insight into the manner of it, that you may the better Guess the rest.

Disc. It will be wondrously to our purpose, pray let's lose no time.

Catch-p. No none to speak off, but to the purpose ; having run through many a mass of Villanys, and been injurious too much to tell, I studied what undertaking yet not put in practice, could further me in being mischevious to Man-kind, and in conclusion, pitched upon the High preferment of being Dubb'd Knight of the
Triple

Triple Tree. But upon second thought, I found in such a case, I should be Instrumental, only in dispatching *Vice* out of the World, by the assistance of Hatchet or Hemp.

Disc. And this pleased you not?

Catch-p. No indeed, for I was ever such a friend to it, that I wish'd it prosperous.

Disc. But to what Resolution came you next?

Catch-p. The very business I officiate now.

Disc. A Catch-pole?

Catch-p. Yes, a Blood-sucking Catch-pole.

Disc. How! you are not sure so desperate?

Catch-p. No less Sir, for being fleshed to cruelty before, I now had opportunity to put it in practice.

Disc. As how, let's hear a little?

Catch-p. Why to pass over the bribing business, putting the slip upon the Creditor, taking Fees extravagant on either side, and sending notice of a danger near, that I might live upon the Spoyle the longer, and be ever treated with the best for that which I call'd Civility, which in the plain sence was Knavery. I took at higher Games.

Disc.

Disc. Games, was you for Gameing too?

Catch-p. Ay, a very Rook at Gameing, Honesty and Plain-dealing if you find them, knows it well enough.

Disc. It may be so, but more's the pity, but howsoever out with it.

Catch-p. A Volum scarcely will contain particulars, therefore expect not I should stay to tell you all.

Disc. No, but the most material passages.

Catch-p. Ay, ay, the most material passages, as thus, When any Youngster had more Land then Wit, I had my User at hand to daub him in the Filt with a supply of Cash, which not being paid at the time perfixed, my business was to Sease him, which put him into a peck of Troubles, as not having wherewith in present Coin to satisfie them, then would he ask me what he must do; why truly said I, there is but one way, give me Bond and Judgment, and i'll lay the Cole down. This he joyfully consents to, without defence or any other consideration, glad at his heart that he has met with such a friend, for which I had ten Guineys in hand; but this joy's soon turned to mourning, for presently after, pretending some mistrust, I seize upon my Gentleman and

his substance, keep him close from those few Friends he has, till I have rook'd him of that little Patrimony he had left, at half the value, so that within a while, being turned out of all; he's forced to wander in the Land of *Poverty*, when not being capable of any business to support himself, he falls into such ways, as bring him frequently to a disgraceful end: Nor is this practiced on the young, but those of Elder years, the labour of an Age thus have swept away, made some hundreds miserable, and gained a plentiful substance on their Ruine; whilst they, their Wives and Children sigh'd in vain, and sought a restitution with their Tears.

Disc. This was something barbarous?

Catch-p. The more the better, such cruelty suits with my Nature best; the Musick of Oppression sounds the sweetest in my Ears.

Disc. And was you never call'd to give account for this, was no notice taken on't?

Catch-p. Yes, and severely handled: but I got by it though, for quickly after I found a means to ruine the Complainants, by presentments, indictments, fobbing actions, outlawrys, obtained without their privity and the like, when for attornment, Bills of Sale issued; which

swept in

inswept away the small Remainder of substance.

Disc. *But did not Conscience check you in uttering those inhumane Practices?*

Catch-p. *Conscience, I think you say: why Friend, i'm sorry you should be so far out of the way, as to mention Conscience to me, when I have told you thus much.*

Disc. *Then you have none it seems?*

Catch-p. *You hit me to a Hair: for if I had, I had not been such a mortal Enemy, my to Honesty and Plain-dealing; but my business calls me hence, therefore be satisfied with what you have heard, and so I take my leave.*

Now in my Dream I perceiv'd he had left us, and we e'ne was glad he had done so for I could never hear of any one that cared for his Society after they heard his name for this man came of the Race of him, *Quereda* found the Devil in possession, of which made me recollect a thousand more of his disorders. The burden of which, methought so sorely pinch'd the Shoulders of the Poor, that their lamentable cry awoke me, and beheld it was a Dream. so rising from my recumbancy, and perceiving the Sun had made his western Throne in Clouds of Dust; I was much thought-

ful, and intent on what had passed, but the day being far spent, home I returned, and entered my Closet to meditate of Various things, but most of all of what had happened, or occurred to my past fancy; but as if sleep had gained this day, intire against my will, my nodding front began to droop, and a dissolving seized my every part, when fancy or imagination soon became as active as before; the wandering Soul, that never yields to slumber, sported with various *Idea's*, fancying myself to be in a Gloomy place.

I Dreamed, and in my Dream beheld a light much like an Exhaultation rise before me, which Glimmering a while, preceded sent my old friend *Discovery*, at whose sight I was somewhat refreshed, though my thoughts was tired with former imaginations; but before I could ask him any question, he told me he had been taking a view of many misterious things, and in his search met with a man in shining Raiments, who had given him a prospect of *Deaths Empire*, and the course of Time, telling him, the day was at hand in which they should be no more, and that we were they, *on whom the Ends of the World is come*; wherefore he admonished, *All Men every where to Repent, and*

put away the evil of their doings, for the hour would suddenly come, in which no secret should be hid, and therefore advised them to walk *Honestly, &c.* And that leading him to an exceeding high place, he had given him a prospect of Eternity, Judgement, and many glorious things. But before he had time to mention the particulars, we were arrived at a fair Village, called the Village of *Self-deceiving*, yet he had so much time as to tell me the mans Name was *Evangelist* e're we Entered it.

Now in my Dream I perceived this Village, though but a Village in name, might have passed for a populous City, it being every where pestered with thronging Crouds of all Nations; and here it was that we resolved to prosecute our inquiry, but found the inhabitants so self-conceited, that we began to despair of gaining instructions, for every where I perceived, they were for *putting far away the Evil day*, and flattered themselves, that if in the *December* of their Age they cast off *Vice*, and open their Arms to *Virtue*, she would then infallibly conduct them to the *Celestial City*, for theither I perceived they hopped to arrive in the end, though they went the contrary Road, and put off

all inquiry, as to their being right or wrong, till they came to the end of their Race; though as I understood, there were Inns and Stages where Guides resided, on purpose to direct Travellers, but although they offered their Service without Reward, yet would it not be accepted, because these Guides would not suffer them to cast their Eys upon the Gaudy Vanities, *Flattery* and *Delusion* had cast in the way, nor to harbour wandering thoughts; and lustful imaginations, which as I perceived, were their Darling Companions, and if they were check'd for entertaining them, they would presently be Angry, and cry out, *what a doo do you make, the way is exceeding long, and would be tiresome without these our dear Companions, whom we intend to leave when we come near the Celestial Gate; Ay, shake them off, ere we come into the presence of the Lord of that City.* And thus I understood they put it off from time to time, till in the end there was no time longer, or at least so little, that *Grace* having left 'em, they had not the power to shake off their worldly Companions, who had Accompanied them in the whole course of their Lives, but they would along with them into the Regions of *Eternity*, whether they

they would or no; and there Judgement finding them wandering in an infinite labyrinth of unmesurable spaces, (for into the *Celestial City* they were not suffered to enter) he plunged them into everlasting Confusion, appointing them their Portion with *Hypocrites and Unbelievers*, to bewail their past folly, to Ages without number, considering too late, that it had been better for them to have taken the Council of the Wise-man, viz. Remember thy Creator, in the days of thy Youth, &c. Then by giving themselves up to Covetousness, Extortion, Fraud, Oppression, and the like, to gain a plentiful Estate for those that should come after them, who perhaps by the injoyment, were overwhelmed in *Pride, Luxurie, Uncleanneſs, Drunkenneſs*, and the like, to the hazard of their Salvation or a Death-bed Repentance, which is ſeldome ſincere; and wonderfully questionable whether acceptable when the party is brought to a period, and in no longer a Capacity of Sinning. Theſe conſiderations made me ſad, and I verely perſwaded my ſelf, did men but rightly underſtand the Excellency of *Virtue*, or were not willfully blind to the ugliness of *Vice*, this world would prove as happy a *Paradice* to us, as *Eden* did to our

first Parents in their state of innocence. But whilst these things carryed me away, I perceived in my Dream, that *Discovery* was making observations on many antick figures, and Monuments with inscriptions, which represented in *Hiroglyphics*, *Uprightness*, *Truth*, *Honesty*, *Conversation*, and the like, to which some of the inhabitants had great regard; but for the Major part, I perceived they minded none of them, except one richly Guilded. *Statue* inscribed *Self-ends*, and to him they payed their dayly offerings, because as I understood, they imagined he chiefly promoted their intrest in Worldly matters; here we found likewise the foot-steps of *Plain-dealing*, which we traced till we quite lost sight of the Village of *Self-deceiving*, and arrived at the Foot of a high Mountain, called, *Fond-Imagination*, on which stood the Town of *Pain-hope*, and up this Mountain, divers Persons were Clambering, with might and main, some made such hast, that not taking good Footing, when near the Top, they tumbled down again unto the Valley, where falling into the Torrent of *Distrust*, they were violently hurried into the Lake of *Dispair*, and there for ever lost.

Now in my Dream, I perceived a Person,

son, whom I conceited I had formerly known, puffing and sweating to gain the Ascent, which I hinting to *Discovery*, he told me, if I would give him the hearing, he would enter into a discourse with him. Ay, gladly said I, and thereupon we soon overtook him, whose Name was *Indifferency*, and thus I perceived they began.

Disc. Friend, how far came you, that you are thus disordered with heat? it should denote you have Travelled much.

Indifferency. No, no Sir, not very much, I came but from the Village of Self-deceiving. That place I must confess I have lived in a long time, but it lyes so low, that it gives a man no full Prospect of things at a distance.

Disc. And therefore you are going to inhabit the Mountain of Fond-imagination?

Ind. Ay, ay, the Town you see so finely Scituate, was Built by Flattery, and thither I am bent, my Materials I have sent before to be in readiness again my arrival.

Disc. Your Materials: as what?

Ind. Why Sir, wherewithal to subsist whilst I stay here, which I don't intend shall be long.

Disc. But what are they pray?

Ind. Why Desire, and Fancy, with a considerable quantity of Deserts, made of

Alms, and good turns, and indifferency in Opinion.

Disc. And to what purpose serve these?

Ind. Why to support me in the way to the Celestial City, whether I am Travelling.

Disc. Alas Friend, you mistake the Road, this is not the way, the Town before you's call'd *Vain-hope*, you should have struck off to the right hand, where the ways part, and for your further instructions, have read the superscriptions on the *Piramid of Truth*, and that would have informed you what would have brought you thether. As thus, *Be faithful unto Death, and I will give you a Crown of Life.*

Ind. Well, well, you may say what you will, but I know what I have to do I'll warrant you.

Disc. It's well if you are not deceiyed in the end: you say the Town before us was built by *Self-flattery*.

Ind. Yes, I do so, and yet there may lye a way through it for all that.

Disc. 'Tis very unlikely, and almost impossible. This *Self-flattery's* the *World*, and he built this Town of *Vain-hope*, to delude Travellers, by inticeing them out of the way, that in it they might be induced to rest themselves satisfied, upon the foun-

Fouddation of a Bare-belief, or at most a
deviding the heart (which should be whol-
ly offered to the King of the Celestial City)
between him and Mammon.

Ind. And may not that be safely done?

Disc. By no means, if ever you expect
to have admition into the Realms of
Light.

Ind. Well, you may believe as you will,
and i'll do as I think fit, I hope I have many
Years to Travel in yet, and in the end, if I
find that this is not the right way, I can
leave it, and strike into another.

Disc. It may not perhaps be in your
power, a suddain Tempest may over-
whelm you, you may meet with Diffidence,
Dispair, or Delusion, who will hinder it.
Nor can you tell what time you have to
Travel in, for perhaps when you imagine
it to be Noon, the Sun may be setting,
and so being left in the Region of Death,
all things returning, will be cut off, and
you'l too late find your self out of the way.
Therefore be Sober and Vigilant, least you
are surprized before you expect it.

Ind. Well, well, this shan't fright me from
passing to the Town before me, I find your
drift, you'd fain put me out of conceit with
my business in the World, but that won't take
i'll assure you.

Disc.

Disc. More is the pitty: But now you talk of business in the World, have you ever met with *Honesty* and *Plain-dealing* in your Travels?

Ind. Do they use to frequent this Road?

Disc. No verily, I believe not: But have you been in no other Road than this?

Ind. Yes divers, as *Overreaching-Lane*, which leads to the *Town of Deceiving*, *Couzening Road*, and a great part of the way towards the *City of Extortion*.

Disc. I suppose you found them not in any of these: But do you pretend to the *Celestial City*, and have been a wanderer in the crooked paths that lead to the *Gates of Perdition*?

Ind. Well, Well, 'tis no matter what I pretend to: Well Sir, you may e'ne mind your own business, for now I'm arrived where I would be, I shan't give you any further hearing, for every Tubb must stand upon it's own Bottom.

Now in my Dream, I perceived we Arrived at the *Town of Vain-hope*, where we found a great number of People rejoicing, as if they were in the greatest security imaginable, every one being fond of his own opinion, to which they were

were wretchedly Wedded, by *Error*, *Flattery*, and *Delusion*, to whom they gave the greatest Credit imaginable, and the rather because they deceived them with false Glasses, called the Glasses of *Vain-hope*, which gave them a prospect of Heaven and Earth at once, promising them all the pleasures and delights of this World, and a full fruition of the next, which made them chose the broad way, that was spread with Roses, and overshadowed with Gessamic, the way that leads to the Land of *Perdition*, and refuseth the *Thorney way of Life* as too tedious and troublesome; when as they fondly imagined they lead to one and the same place, and so they supinely trifled out their days in a secure sloath and ease. Till in my Dream I beheld a dark Cloud arising from the Land of *Obstinacy*, overspread them, whereupon they layed them down to sleep, whilst the Bride-groom passed by; but being a little startled at the noise, they got up on their Feet, and attempted to follow, but being still in a thick Fog, they stumbled at every three or four steps, and in the end, fell altogether in the Lake of Fear and Amazement, where they again found those Consciences they had stifled, which now
up-

upbraided them with their neglect and folly, their slighting the Golden opportunities of Grace, Wisdom, for trifling Vanities, spending those precious moments wherein they should have trod the paths of Righteousness, at the end of which is Eternal Life, in studying to overreach their Neighbours Circumvent, their dearest Friends, meditate revenge, and hoard up ill gotten gain, which cannot avail in the day of Death, nor the hour of Judgement; which Repremands, and severe Reflections, tormented them to that degree, that instead of looking back for succor, they rushed forward altogether, and getting out of that Lake, entred another call'd *Hardness of Heart*, in which they wilfully perished. At which whilst I was grieving, I beheld at a little distance, the Town of *Presumption*, to which we made with all convenient speed, and upon our entering, observed the structures were exceeding lofty, but built upon such Sandy foundations, that they were threatned by every blast of Fate, to be sunk in their own ruines. This place *Self-conceit* had built. As for the Inhabitants, they were so Wed-

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ded to their own oppinions, that they would hearken to no instructions, yet they pretended to a right in the *Celestial City*, and would discourse as if they were very well acquainted with it. But I soon perceived all was but conceit, they had it seems Dreamed something on, and read the promises made by the *Celestial King*, but were so confident in their own strength, that they imagined they had no need of over-shaddowing Grace, and the Breathing of the favorit of Heaven, which made them neglect to cast away every weighty sin: That did so easily beset them, that they might be the abler to run the race. Wherefore having spent their days allowed, to ruin a fond relyance upon their own foundations; when the Storm of Tryal beat upon them, they altogether sunk into ruine and confusion, the noise of whose fall Eccho'd to the Remotest part of the Universe. And now methought the day being spent, and our search! heitherto fruitless; *Discovery* being tired, and loath to wast his Light any further at this time in vain, bid me Adue, and taking Wing, Glided like a Meteor through the Gloomy Night, till my Eys could follow him no further; but whilst I was wonder-

wondering to what Region he was fled,
methought I heard a voice as the voice of
a man, sayingin, *He that Reads, and
rightly considers these things, will be a
Friend to Virtue, and a Foe to Vice.* At
which starting, I awoke, and found what
had passed was but a Dream, yet was con-
firmed it might not be a little useful and
advantagious to Mankind.

FINIS.

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